# REAL WEST

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True Tales of the American Frontier

JUNE 1975 CDC 00174

THE JAMESES AT BARDSTOWN

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TEX RITTER

GRANT BEFORE GREATNESS

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# A Doctor of OSTEOPATHY Claims He Has Perfected

# A PROVEN NEW HOME CURE FOR ARTHRITIS!

**EXPECT A MIRACLE OF FREEDOM FROM PAIN . . . NEW FREEDOM OF MOTION . . . IMMEDIATE . . . COMPLETE AND PERMANENT CURE POSSIBLE . . . BONE DAMAGE HEALED . . . ALL THIS CAN BE EXPECTED**

*— says Giraud W. Campbell, D.O.*

Here's thrilling news about a Doctor's Proven New Home CURE FOR ARTHRITIS! Based on the result of hundreds of successfully treated cases, this cure is now available for the first time in a new book!

Yes! Dr. Giraud Campbell states flatly that *YOU CAN BE CURED of this previously incurable disease at home, right "in your own home at no expense."*

Expect a miracle, he says, because Arthritis can be cured! All types of arthritis. Complete and permanent cure is possible! With this method, he says, pain and swelling disappear — almost overnight! Even bone structure can be returned to normal. It's safe, easy, and effective!

## *Expect A Miracle Of Freedom From Pain*

What has this method done for Dr. Campbell's patients? He reports:

- "It has not mattered whether these patients were old or young."
- "It has not mattered in what part of the body they had arthritis."
- "It has not mattered whether the doctor who referred them to me said it was caused by an infection, or what type of arthritis they had."
- It has not mattered whether they were still getting around or whether they were bedridden."
- "It has not mattered for how long they had arthritis."

**"Their arthritis was cured,"** he states flatly, "and yours can be, too!" There is just one exception. "I confess right here and now that I cannot help those who have had extensive gold treatments, and who have undergone blood changes because of extended drug or chemical treatment," he says.

However, while no one can guarantee relief or cure in such cases, Dr. Campbell's files are filled with case histories of people who **have** obtained relief even after drug therapy. In addition, he says he has achieved rapid relief and repair of spinal arthritis if caught within the first five years — after which he can offer only relief of pain and no further damage. Still a spectacular hope for any sufferer! Even the agony of weather changes can be a thing of the past!

In all other cases — for arthritis of the fingers, shoulders, hips, or knees, for osteoarthritis, rheumatoid arthritis, or any other kind of arthritis . . .

## *"Its Like Being Born Again"*

"To me the case histories of cures follow the same definite pattern," says Dr. Campbell. "A 75-year-old man suffers the pain of acute rheumatoid arthritis in all joints. He is bedridden. In one week the pain is gone. In two weeks he is ambulatory. (That is, he can walk.) In three weeks his deformed fingers straighten enough to hold the steering wheel and drive the car."

*Never before has a CURE been offered. Doctors could only offer partial relief. Dr. Campbell says his method offers — not only relief — but an end to the condition: Age is no barrier . . . legs . . . backs . . . hips . . . fingers . . . knees . . . are healed.*

"It's like being born again," said a 62-year-old woman patient, "I feel like I am starting a new life." It happens to him . . . It happens to her . . . It can happen to you . . . whatever your age," says Dr. Campbell.

## *"The Seven-Day Program To End Pain And Regain Normal Use Of Joints"*

"My files are filled with cases that read like miracles," says Dr. Campbell. "A mother, bedridden for months due to arthritis, does housework again. An engineer, on crutches for a year tosses them aside . . . A grandmother, previously crippled by arthritis, discards use of her wheelchair . . .

*"To me as a doctor it's a trite ending. I see it every day," says Dr. Campbell. "To others it's a miracle." That miracle is the 3-part Home Cure he has perfected.*

"It's fast, safe, and effective. "The home arthritis cure," says Dr. Campbell, "begins to show benefits immediately."

- You need not wait two or three months . . . two weeks . . . two days to begin to feel the improvement, says Dr. Campbell . . .

The results are immediate and magnificent, he states. The first step is Dr. Campbell's special Arthritis-Cure Diet. "This diet is the main factor in the cure of arthritis." In fact, he says, "You might expect a cure without doing another blessed thing!"

## Easy To Use!

Best of all, the one outstanding feature of this method is: NO PREPARATION IS NEEDED! It's "No-Cook Cooking" all the way! All you really need is a refrigerator, knife, or blender in most cases. All foods on the Arthritis-Cure Diet can be easily obtained, at no extra expense.

You can still eat many of your favorite foods (by actual count, there are 160 items that you can still eat . . . and you can mix nearly endless varieties) . . . you can still enjoy black eye peas, green peppers, lima beans, corn, rice, turkey, duck, fish, apples, bananas, pears, figs, prunes, plums, nectarines, peaches, cherries, grapes, melons, nuts, soups, eggs, cheeses, and more . . . But there are certain foods you must never touch again, if you wish a permanent cure, he says.

Complete daily menus for breakfast, lunch and supper are given for the first 7 days, with 50 more mouth watering gourmet recipes!

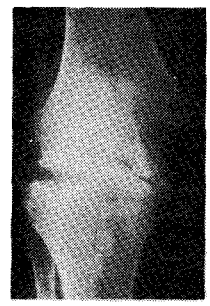
## Is That All There Is To It?

Just about. As for steps 2 and 3 — you may not need them. But if you do, they are simply aids to elimination (for purification and internal cleansing), and a very few other simple steps.

No gadgets or hocus pocus, no bigger and better pills, no expensive diathermy, whirlpool, or harsh exercises of any kind.

## *See For Yourself . . . At Our Risk*

See for yourself. You can enjoy absolutely pain-free living, and an arthritis-free tomorrow, says Dr. Campbell. Now, for the first time, you can be free of heat, pain, swelling and deformity — no matter what your age, he says, because arthritis CAN and IS being CURED. **"There is no need for anyone," he says, "to ever get an arthritis attack again."**



Lack of joint space around knee. Bones rub. Normal motion impossible.

Greater joint space provides pain-free motion, normal walking.

## X-RAYS SHOW POSITIVE PROOF!

**. . . says Dr. Campbell: Look at the before-and-after X-rays shown above, and know that now, for the first time perhaps, you can enjoy an absolutely pain-free, arthritis-free tomorrow.**

- **"Expect a 'miracle'," says Dr. Campbell.**
- **"Expect your pain to start diminishing from the start."**
- **"Expect no need for aspirin or other pain relievers in a week to ten days."**
- **"Expect a continuing improvement in your joint mobility . . . X-rays will reveal progress in the restoration of damaged bone structure in three to six months."**
- **"Expect a normal life without arthritic pain . . ."**

---

**MEET DR. CAMPBELL**

Dr. Giraud W. Campbell is a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Osteopathic Medicine, Class of 1931. Since then he has practiced for over 40 years in New York State. After World War II, Dr. Campbell commenced his nutritional and laboratory research in arthritis. "For the past 15 years," he says, "I have been curing arthritis. Those that are bedridden . . . in the acute inflammatory state . . . show the most dramatic response. In from 3 to 10 days their pains cease, and repair sets in. I have over 1,000 successfully treated cases in my files." He was one of the founders of the Long Island Osteopathic Society and is a member of several leading professional groups.

**ASTOUNDING LETTERS FROM EX-ARTHRITIS VICTIMS RAISES ARMS IN PRAISE!**

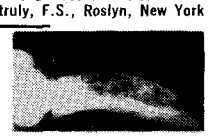
I had been in an auto accident which affected my spine and caused chronic arthritis. I couldn't raise my arms without severe pain; combing my hair was almost impossible. Doctors gave me up to 24 aspirins per day, traction, hydrotherapy, sonic ray therapy and physiotherapy. It was at this time that I began treatment with Dr. Campbell . . . After treatment started, I felt a tremendous improvement in seven days. Within two weeks the brace was off and I felt better. I was able to raise my arms upward. It was like a miracle.—H.G.

**SPINE HEALED!**

I was discharged from the Army in 1945. Shortly thereafter, I began to experience pains in my lower back and the disease became steadily worse. I became more crippled. My spine, at this time, had practically fused solid. Pain . . . by now . . . was continuous, day and night, with no relief. At this point I heard of Dr. Giraud Campbell. To my amazement within two weeks, the pain decreased at least 50%. I was able to walk better. I only wish I had come under Dr. Campbell's care . . . when the disease first started.

Yours truly, F.S., Roslyn, New York

Dark portions or spots of this X-ray show softening of shinbone, which actually bends —in an advanced case of Paget's disease, deemed incurable.



Six months later—with Dr. Campbell's method —X-ray shows thickening of bone (white area). Bone is now stronger and no longer bends.

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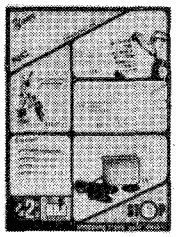

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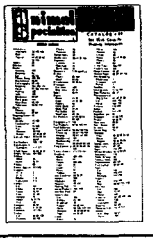


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# REAL WEST

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Volume XVIII
Number 139
June 1975

## IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

A FAIR EXCHANGE
by Rex Bundy

●

WHO ROBBED THE STORE AT WESTPOINT, MO.?
by Carl W. Breihan

●

MASSACRE OF LUDLOW SIDING
by Cy and Jeannie Martin

●

LAST WORDS FROM THE SCAFFOLD
by Olive W. Burt

●

COURTSHIP OF GRANDPA AND GRANDMA
by Xanthus Carson

●

CRUNCHING THE LIGHT FANTASTIC
by Clarence M. Fink

●

THE SLICKEST OF THE BAD MEN
by Cy Martin

●

GOLD RUSH OF THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE
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●

CUSTER CITY JUSTICE
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●

LEADVILLE, THE NEW EL DORADO
From a Contemporary Account

●

PROUD AND PRODUCTIVE PRINCE OF THE PIONEERS
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●

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●

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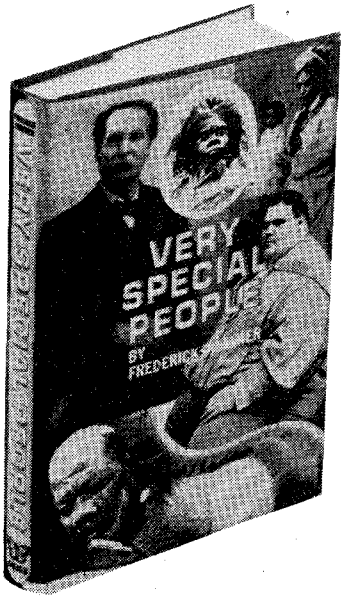


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# MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

SAVAGE LOGIC

Dear Sir:

I just read in your REAL WEST, December 1974, a story about "The American Indian." As a Racial Awareness Facilitator in the U.S. Navy and as a person who is very interested in the cultures of all races, I generally enjoy reading REAL WEST. Especially when the 'Non-Whites', who have helped build this country, are illustrated as having other than menial roles in our society. However, when illustrations such as those portrayed in the comic strip 'Hotspurs' are included, the goal towards achieving racial harmony and understanding is detrimentally affected. Hopefully our society is striving to eliminate stereotyping and racial / cultural prejudice, whether it be intentional or unintentional.

It is with this purpose that I am writing you. I make reference to your December 1974 issue of REAL WEST. I feel that the comic strip 'Hotspurs' found on page 64 is highly contradictory to the article "The American Indian" written by Nono Minor. As depicted in history books, the 'White Man' ventured west in hopes of civilizing the American Indian / Mexican. Whenever the 'White Man' won, it was a victory. When the Indian / Mexican won, it was a massacre. To many uninformed children and adults today, the American Indian is thought of as being a 'savage.' Quoting from the comic strip 'Hotspurs', "if there's one thing the frontier mind can't stand ... it's savage logic!", is one of many subtle means of reinforcing or perpetuating stereotyping and racial / cultural prejudice. Whether it be intentional or unintentional, I urge all readers of REAL WEST to take an active part in erasing all forms of prejudice / racism wherever and whenever depicted.

Sincerely,
Charles R. Casad Jr.
Navcommsta Spain
Box 33 B116
Fpo New York, New York
09540

WANTS INFORMATION ON 20TH CENTURY BANDITS

Dear Sir,

I have been buying your magazine, REAL WEST, for many years now (since the time, in fact, when it wasn't half as good as it is now), and am glad to say that it is fairly readily available in this country. Too few, however, are the articles on the lesser known bandits (Glenn Shirley did an excellent detailed account of the career of Ben Cravens a few years ago, and Maurice Kildare sometimes digs out material on forgotten baddies. I recall also, among others, a good article on George Shanks, the California stage-robber, and an excellent two-issue account of train-robber Bill Miner).

However, to get to the point: I wonder if any of your readers are in the position to furnish me with information of the lesser known Oklahoma outlaws of the 20th century, e.g., Al Spencer, the Kimes brothers and Raymond Terrill, Floyd Jarrett, Ford Bradshaw, Wilbur Underhill, Troy Love, Jim Benge, etc. If not, could anyone tell me where I might find detailed information on those characters?

Yours sincerely,
David Murray
The Schoolhouse,
Aldourie,
by Inverness,
Scotland

BOB FORD WAS KILLED BY A SHOTGUN BLAST

Dear sirs,

Thank you for printing the letter in your November issue from Mrs. Miles who wanted to get in touch with me so that she could purchase my new book *Bill Kelly's Encyclopedia of Gunmen.* I saw the letter in REAL WEST, for I never miss an issue of this very fine magazine. Mrs Miles had already received the information she sought from several other of your readers who got in touch with her.

I especially want to congratulate you on the November issue, which I think was one of your very best in many years. Carl Breihan's "The Day Train Robber Rube Burrow Was Killed" was truly one of his best efforts; he is always good, but he outdid himself on this one. Also enjoyed "A Man Called Bat" by Norman Wiltsey, but would like to call your attention to a couple mistakes. Page 24. This is NOT a picture of Wyatt Earp; it is Bat Masterson, and page 26 is Earp, which you say is Masterson. I'm sure others will call this to your attention.

Also just returned from the store where I bought REAL WEST ANNUAL 1974! No collector should be without this book! I didn't finish reading it yet, but the story I did read at breakfast in the restaurant was "There Was No Night In Creede" by Cy Martin. Very good, except he states "Bob Ford, hated killer of Jesse James, was shot in the back and killed in his own exchange saloon by Ed O. Kelly."

We Kellys never shoot anyone in the back! (Just kidding.) Seriously though, I'm sure this was just a slip by Mr. Martin. He is too good a writer to print that. Kelly caught Ford in the neck with a shotgun. The whole story will be published in my book, which I got from an eyewitness who is still living today!! He knew Ford and went to his funeral.

Before I sign off, I just want to say that I am sure your readers appreciate you holding your price down to 50¢ while the others are soaring out of sight.

Respectfully,
Billy Kelly
12636 Dale St.
Garden Grove, Calif. 92641

**Picture Captions were mixed. Every one on the staff at REAL WEST is pointing the finger at everyone else. Sorry we goofed.**

WANTS WESTERN INFORMATION

Dear Sir,

My wife and I have joined a newly formed western club called the New Western Era.

We are interested in all aspects of the western life but do not know much about it, except for the information we get from fellow members.

We would like anyone who reads this letter to help us by sending any unwanted books, old mags, cards, maps, stamps, etc.

Also, if anyone would like to write to us as a pen pal we would be overjoyed to write back.

Your faithfully,
R. De' Roberts
28 Brattan Rd.
Birkenhead, Merseyside.
England. ●RW



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*Lizzie Borden at the time of her trial.*

# LIZZIE BORDEN TOOK AN AXE AND GAVE HER MOTHER 40 WHACKS, WHEN SHE SAW WHAT SHE HAD DONE SHE GAVE HER FATHER 41.

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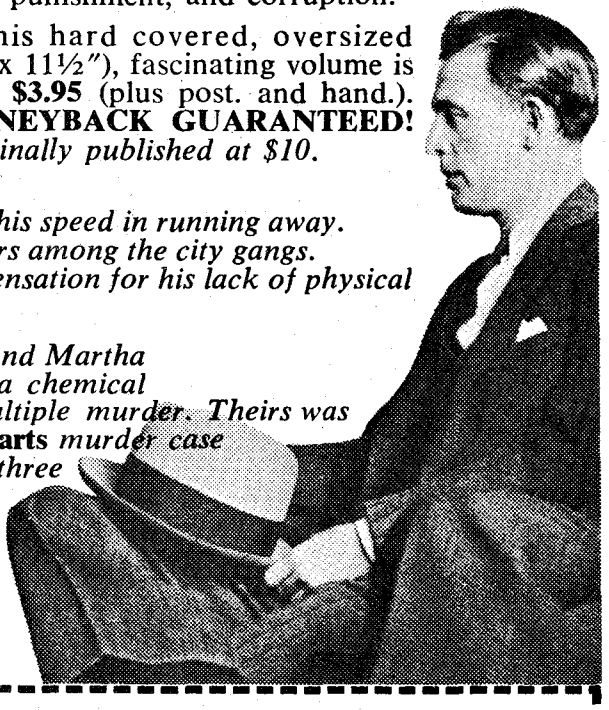

**"Legs" Diamond**—*so called because of his speed in running away. He was one of the few pathological killers among the city gangs. He killed for pleasure, and found compensation for his lack of physical courage in the possession of a shotgun.*

*The strange effect that Raymond Fernandez and Martha Beck had on each other was disastrous—a chemical reaction that led to multiple murder. Theirs was the famous* **Lonely Hearts** *murder case in which the lives of three widows and one child were taken.*

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# GRANT BEFORE

**General Ulysses S. Grant who accepted the Confederate surrender from General Robert E. Lee at Appomattox was an outstanding horseman at West Point and a daring, brilliant officer in the Mexican War, but he appeared to be a dismal failure as a peacetime officer in the West.**

U. S. Army Photographer

*Grant distinguished himself in the Mexican War, where he found ways to get into the fighting despite his duties as quartermaster.*

Riding back out of the West came the great generals of both sides in the Civil War.

Coming back from frontier duty in Texas to his home state of Virginia was Robert E. Lee. From California came still more.

William Tecumseh Sherman was a banker in San Francisco. Henry W. Halleck had been California's first Secretary of State and participated with distinction in California's constitutional convention. "Fighting Joe" Hooker had a ranch in Sonoma Valley. Albert Sidney Johnson was on active duty in California when the South seceded.

Also coming back after a California misadventure was perhaps the foremost of them all, Ulysses S. Grant.

The Civil War itself was as much a part of the great western movement as it was an "eastern" drama acted out on the battlefields of Virginia and Tennessee. It was the great western movement that upsets the delicate balance of power between free and slave states which was one of the major contributing factors to the war.

For Ulysses S. Grant, until he became commanding general of all Union armies, the West had been virtually his whole life. The West formed him. He was a product of the West, even as a small boy.

After all, when he was born on April 27, 1822, his native state of Ohio was then regarded as part of the western frontier.

In retrospect, the name Ulysses seems prophetic. He was named for the great conquering hero of the Trojan War. In boyhood and young manhood, however, it seemed that the name of Hector, the enemy of Ulysses, would have been more appropriate.

According to Edith Hamilton's *Mythology,* Hector was the tamer of wild horses. In the best western tradition, Grant's outstanding distinction before he was finally summoned to fill the role of the legendary Ulysses was as the tamer of wild horses.

When he grew up a shy, sensitive boy, quite out of place in rugged frontier Ohio, his only close friends were horses. He loved horses more than people. He understood them.

People rushed to warn his mother that little Ulysses was swinging on horses' tails or playing under their feet. She hushed them. She told them that little Ulysses would be all right when he was with his friends, the horses.

A circus came to town. The ringmaster offered a $5 prize to anyone who could ride a maneless, greased horse. No one could, until little Ulysses. The horse bucked and pitched and went through every possible action to throw him off. Little Ulysses held firm until he collected his prize.

He made his boyhood money by hauling passengers in a wagon. On one trip into Kentucky, he acquired a beautiful and high-spirited new horse that had never been harnessed before. On the way back home to Ohio, a vicious dog frightened the horse. It took off running.

Grant finally pacified it, but something else frightened it. It took off running again. Grant finally stopped it on the very edge of a precipice. His frightened passenger decided to finish the trip with someone else. When his former passenger completed his journey, he found that Grant had fully subdued the horse and it was trotting into town fully under control.

James Longstreet, later one of the Confederacy's most brilliant generals, well remembered when Grant purchased a particularly wild stallion while they were in Texas. No one but Grant dared ride the horse. Grant swore he would either break the horse or break his neck.

The horse shot out across the Texas prairies. After three hours with no sign of either Grant or the horse, Longstreet was certain that his friend had been killed. Then Grant came riding peacefully back into camp, the horse pacified.



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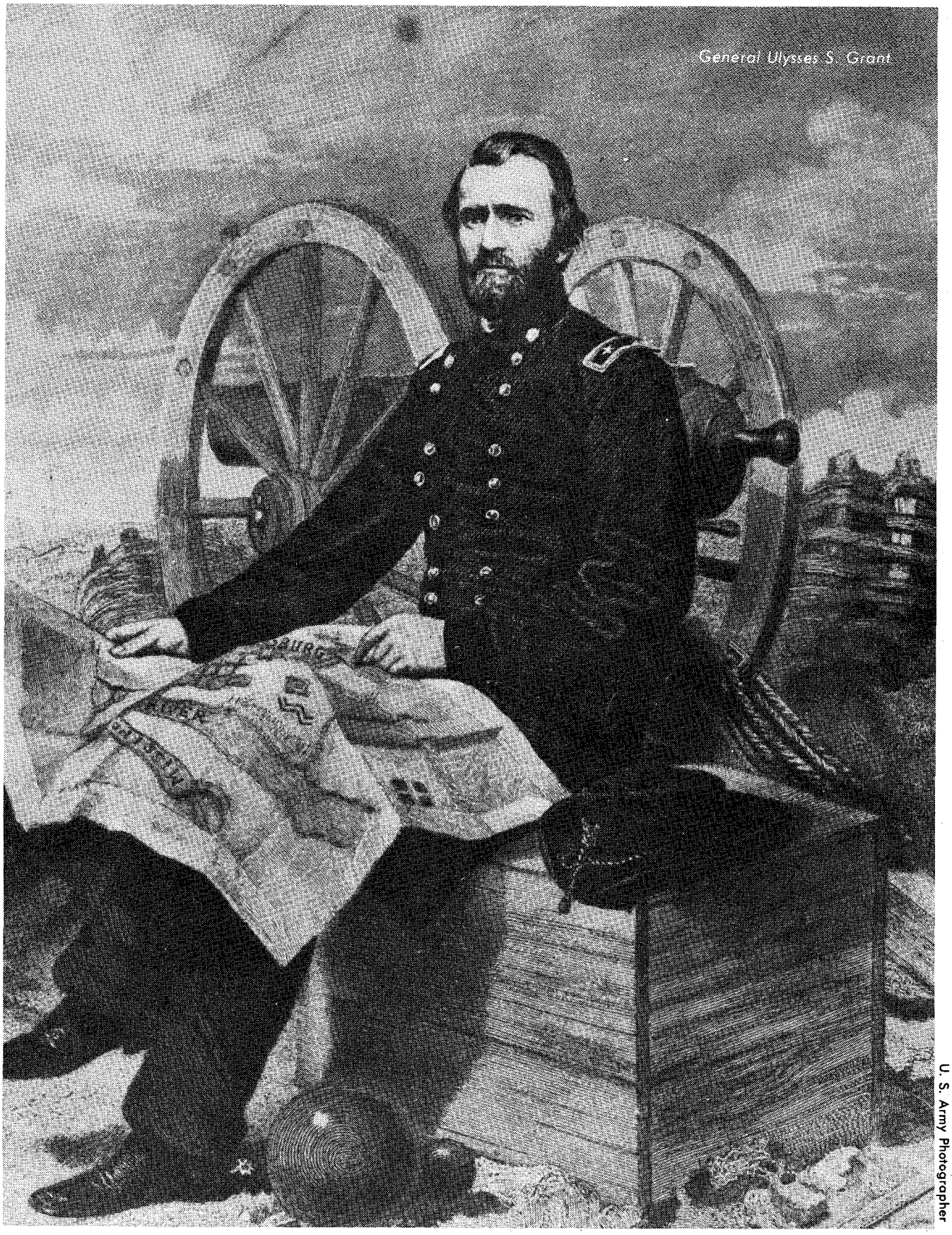
# GREATNESS

By William Wingfield



General Ulysses S. Grant

U. S. Army Photographer



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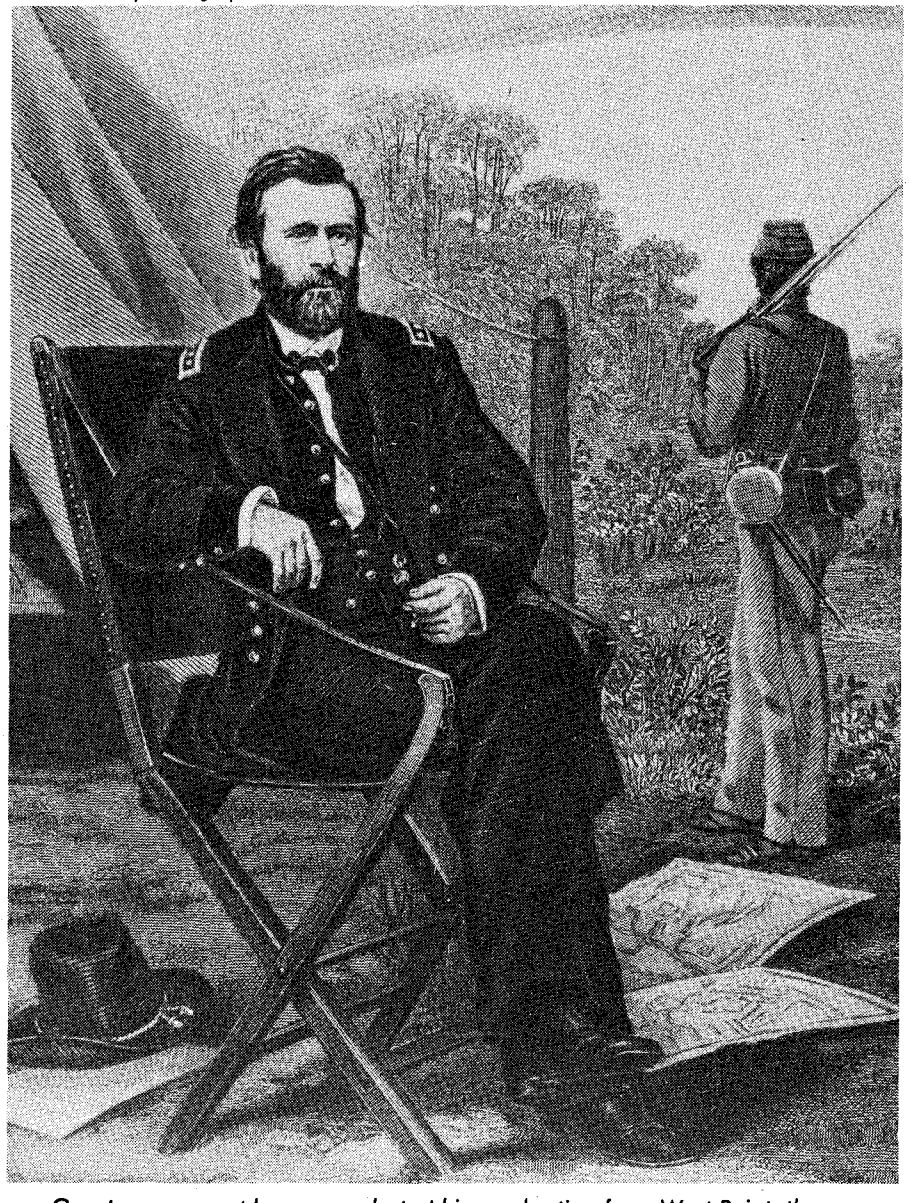
U. S. Army Photographer



*Grant was a great horseman, but at his graduation from West Point, there was no room in the cavalry. He was given an infantry post which helped fit him for the Civil War.*

Horsemanship exhibitions were a highlight of graduation ceremonies at West Point. As the climax, the announcer called out: "Cadet Grant!"

Cadets whispered in amazement, "He's on York!" No one but Grant and one other cadet could even ride York. A friend once warned Grant that York would kill him some day.

The riding master lifted the jumping bar over his head. No cadet could possibly jump it with a horse. Then came Grant, thundering on unridable York. Over the bar they sailed with ease.

The pole was raised even higher. Once again Grant and York sailed over it easily.

The sensational jump even established a world record. Fifty years later, Grant's grandson, Maj. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant III, saw it recorded at the world famous Imperial Riding School at Vienna, Austria, as an extremely outstanding feat.

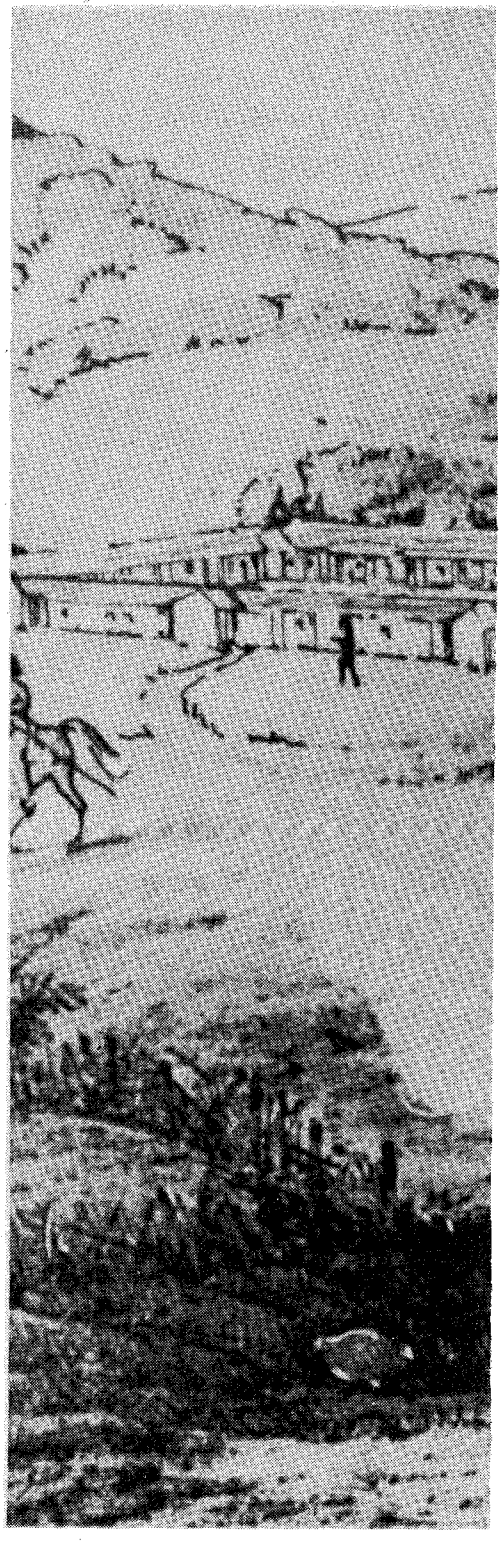
Fellow cadets said he could outride a Virginian. He was virtually a second Alexander the Great. Along with being a great all-conquering general, Alexander subdued the unridable horse Bucephalus and made it his own in his brilliant campaigns.

Unfortunately, the Alexander-like young soldier has been buried today in the legend of Grant as a stolid, stodgy, stuffy, seedy, dull, plodding, fussy and shabby old general. This reputation is quite unjustified.

On graduation, the cavalry seemed the natural branch of the Army for Grant. As so often happend in his life, fate intervened. There were no openings in the cavalry, even for so outstanding a horseman as Grant. He had to content himself with the infantry. This was the start of a practical experience that boosted him to greatness. After all, wars are won by infantrymen. As a cavalry officer, he might be remembered as another dashing but minor hero such as Custer, Sheridan or Stuart.

On receiving his commission, Grant was assigned to the Fourth Infantry Regiment at Jefferson Barracks near St. Louis, Mo.

Jefferson Barracks was becoming the staging ground for the conquest of the West. The commandant of Jefferson Barracks was Col. Stephen Kearny. With the Mexican War, Kearny would become conqueror of





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Arizona, New Mexico and part of Southern California. From Jefferson Barracks, John C. Fremont set out on his exploring expeditions which led to his conquest of California in the Mexican War.

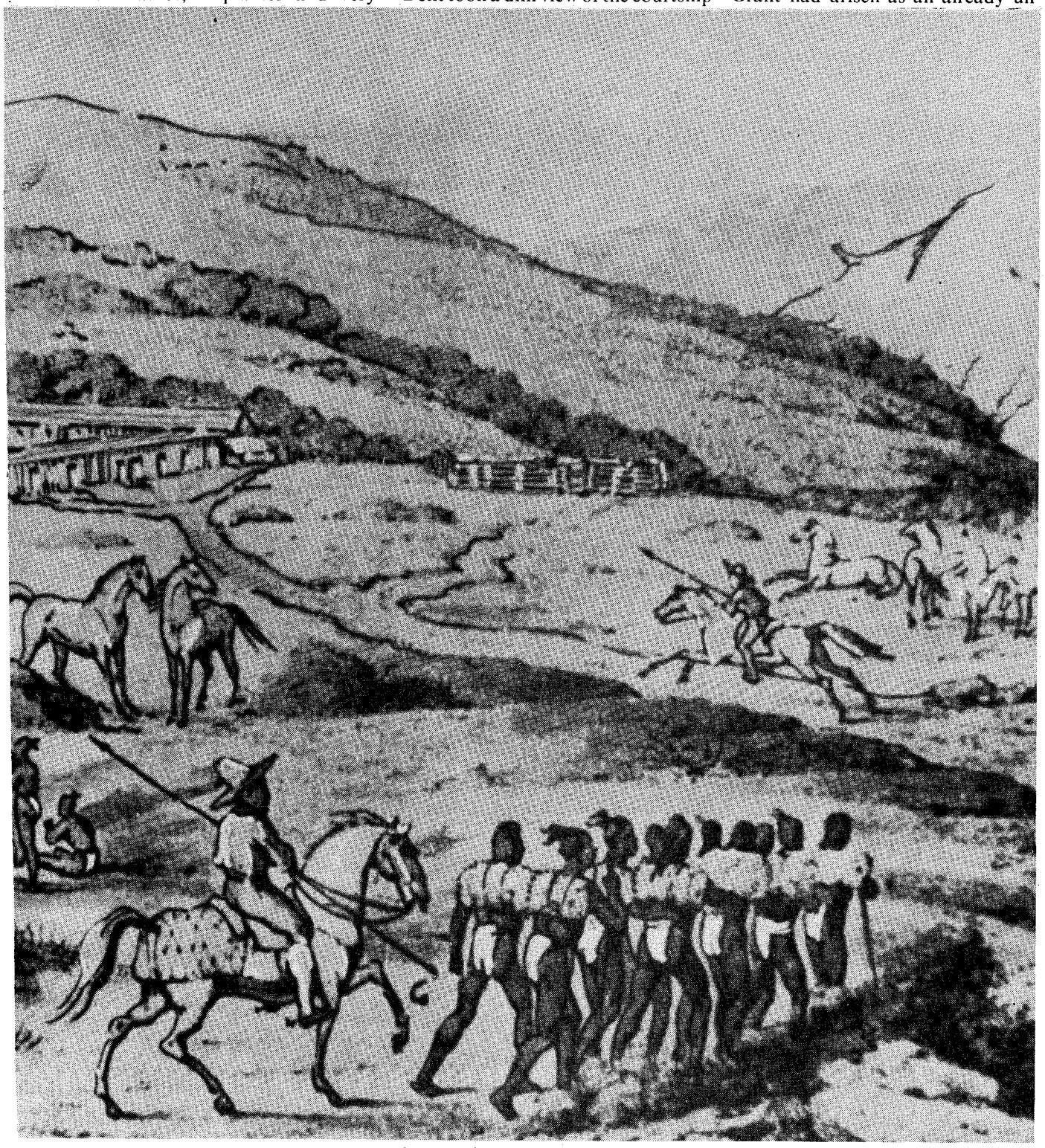
Grant and his regiment were at Jefferson Barracks as the first step in their own involvement in the coming war with Mexico.

Grant's best friend at West Point was Frederick Dent, Jr., whose family lived near Jefferson Barracks. Fred's father, a planter and very prominent citizen, happened to be a close friend of Missouri's colorful United States senator, Thomas Hart Benton. Benton's beautiful daughter, Jessie, had married John C. Fremont. Grant would start his Civil War career serving under Fremont.

For the moment, however, Grant's association with Fremont was only second hand. Frederick Dent, Sr. happened to have a very pleasant daughter named Julia. Soon Grant was very much interested in Julia. Dent took a dim view of the courtship because he remembered too well the daughter of his friend, Sen. Benton, marrying Fremont. Army officers were notoriously poverty-stricken, and also were never home. He didn't want Julia to go through the same thing Jessie Benton did. When Grant got to California, it seemed Dent's concern was justified.

Grant prevailed and did marry Julia Dent, but the courtship became entwined with another trick of fate.

The shape of things to come for Grant had arisen as an already un-



*The Presidio of San Francisco in 1816.*



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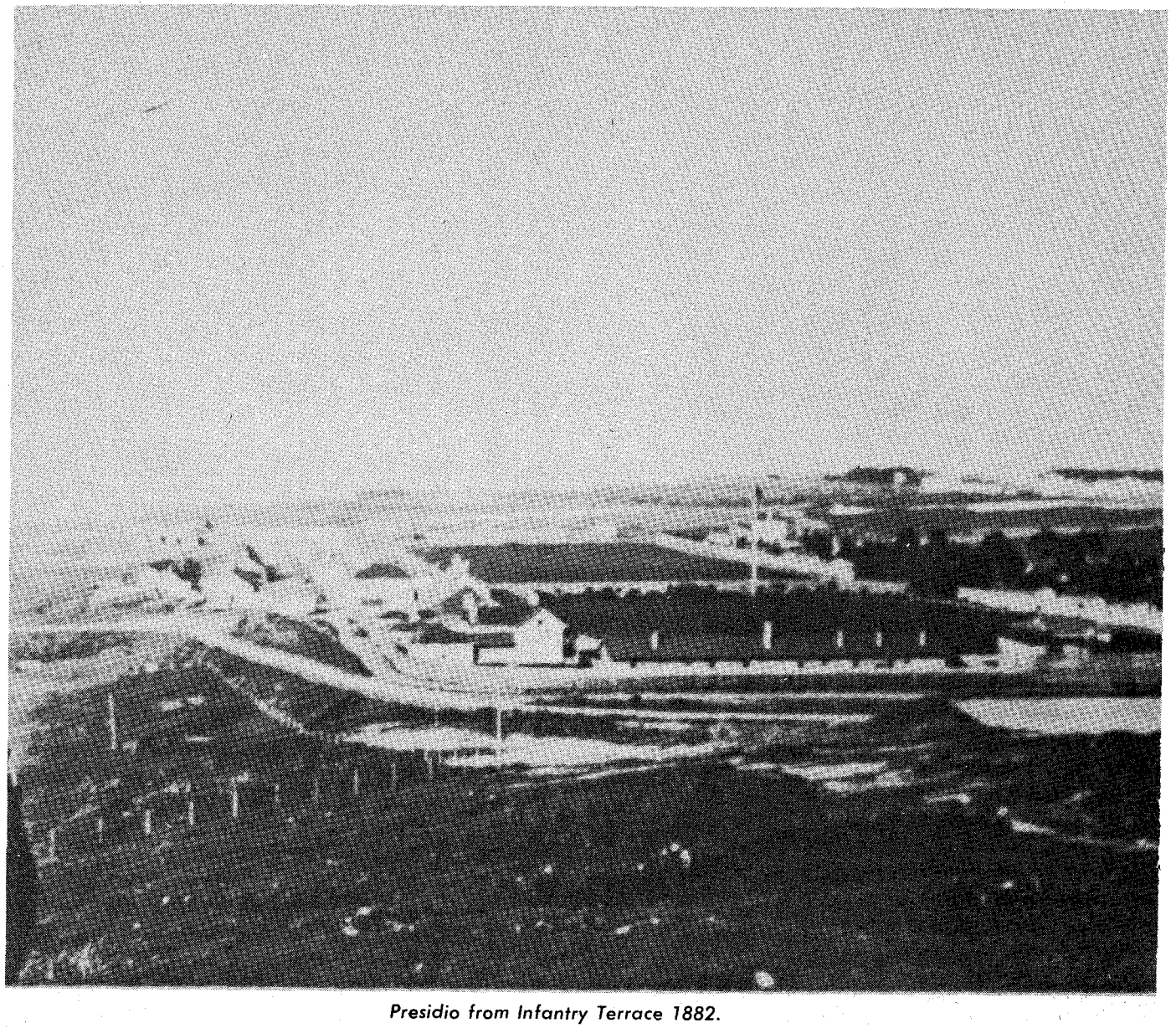

*Presidio from Infantry Terrace 1882.*

pleasant cloud on the horizon at Jefferson Barracks. Here he met the man who would blight and nearly extinguish his military career out in California, the man who would cause him to be cast aside to wait until summoned by destiny.

Most of the officers, including Kearny, were pleasant enough. The exception was Capt. Robert C. Buchanan. It was Grant's bad luck to get off on the wrong foot with Buchanan from almost the very start.

Buchanan was what in modern Army parlance is known as "chicken." "Chicken" does not mean a coward, but a martinet and a tickler for rules and details.

One of Buchanan's formalistic rules was that any officer late for mess would be fined a bottle of wine.

Since Grant was so fond of visiting Julia Dent, he was frequently late getting back to post.

One evening when Grant showed up late for mess, Buchanan peremptorily decreed in front of all assembled, "Grant, you're late as usual — another bottle of wine, sir."

Grant retorted, "I've been fined three bottles of wine within the last 10 days, and if I'm fined again, I shall be forced to repudiate."

Buchanan shot back, "Grant, young people should be seen and not heard, sir!"

Buchanan never forgot the incident. From then on, Grant always had reason to believe that Buchanan was picking on him.

While Grant was courting Julia Dent, the war drums were loudly beating.

This was the high watermark of Manifest Destiny, the Pandora's Box opened by President Thomas Jefferson which carried American domains from Atlantic to Pacific. Texas wanted to join the Union, Mexico objected, and the President wanted California and Oregon and all the Mexican possessions between them and Texas.

The only legitimate grounds for a way was that the new State of Texas claimed that its boundary extended to the Rio Grande, while Mexico claimed it was only to the Neuces River. The distance between the two rivers is about 150 miles. To President James Knox Polk, this was sufficient grounds for a war of conquest of the West.

From Jefferson Barracks, Grant's regiment was sent to Corpus Christi, Texas, to serve under Gen. Zachary Taylor. Corpus Christi is on the Neuces. From there President Polk ordered Taylor to push with the troops into the disputed territory. They advanced unopposed all the way to the Rio Grande.

When Americans rejected a Mexican ultimatum to withdraw to the Neuces, the Mexicans recrossed the Rio Grande and engaged American troops at Palo Alto.

They did exactly what Polk



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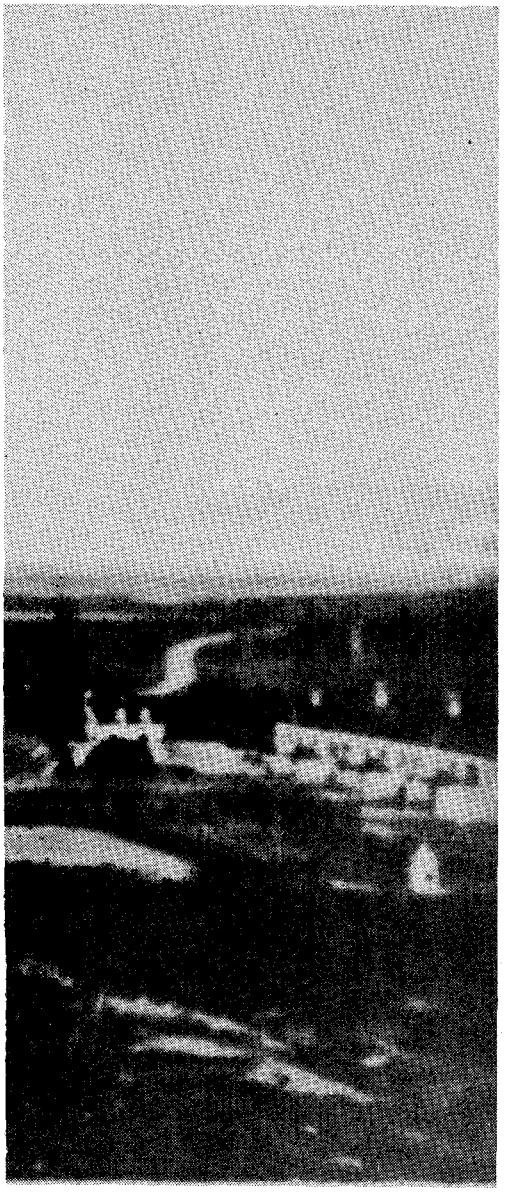


wanted. In righteous indignation, President Polk could now come before Congress and state that war existed by Mexico's own act.

American artillery drove the Mexicans back at Palo Alto. During the night they retreated to Resaca de la Palma, where they made a two-day stand against attacking Americans.

Because of Grant's skill with horses and mules, and because of his demonstrated businesslike managerial ability, he was detailed to be the regiment's quartermaster. He was not to be a combat officer. The job was not only unglorious drudgery, but also one to test his patience.

He feared that he had been excluded from action, would never get a promotion, and never be heard of again. Yet, since supply is the whole foundation of a successful military campaign, this was the best experience he could have had in preparation for the Civil War. Once again, fate had intervened.

He hooked one foot over the cantle of his saddle, wrapped his arm around the horse's neck, and hung along the side of the horse so he wouldn't be as conspicuous a target.

He and the horse raced down the streets. Most Mexicans saw only a riderless horse. There were shots at intersections, but he and horse had hurtled by before the Mexicans realized he was there. He reached headquarters unscathed.

Back in Washington, the Polk Administration now wanted a dramatic stroke to end the war. The war was becoming very unpopular as it dragged on, and the Mexicans showed no inclination to give up.

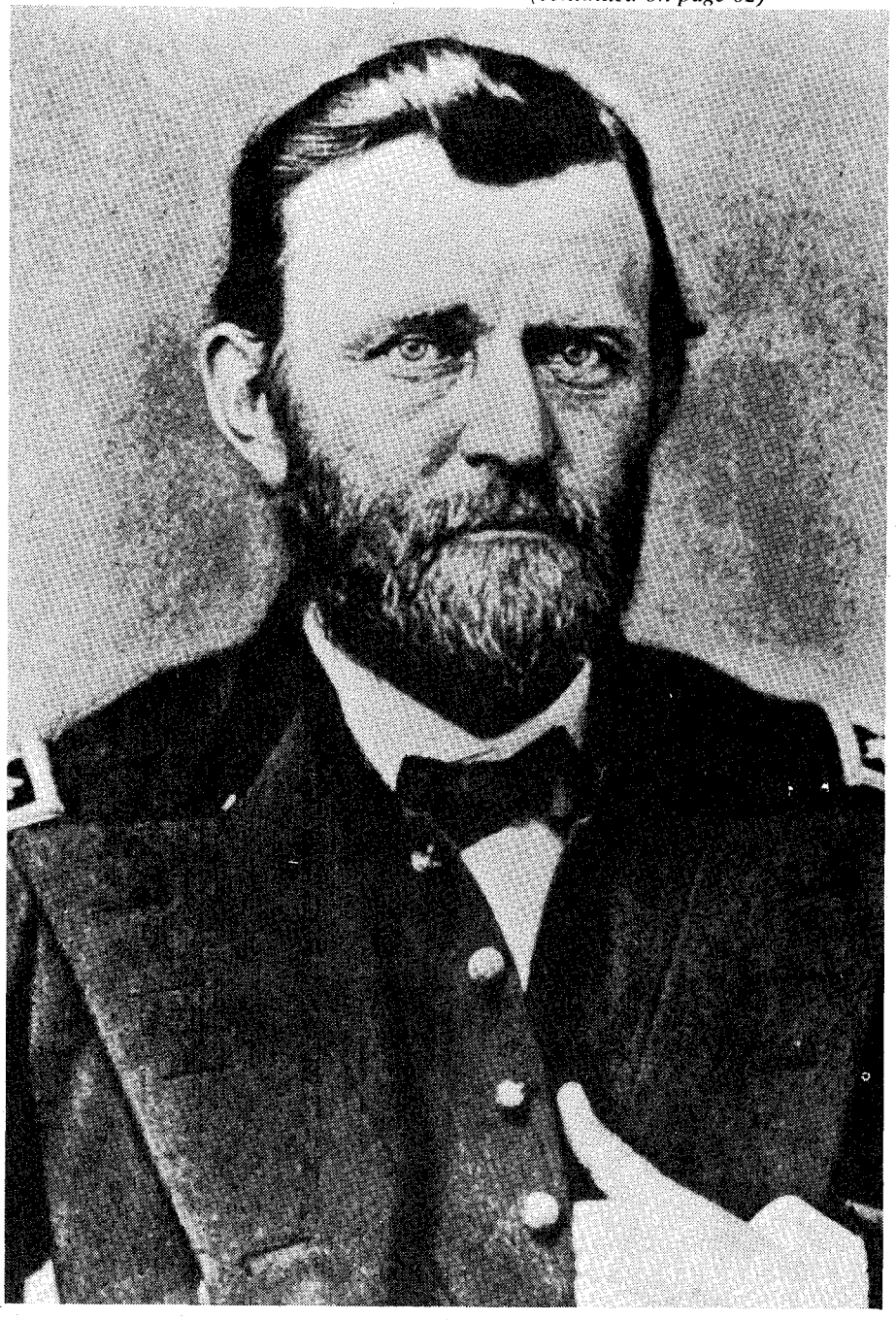
The dramatic stroke was suggested by Gen. Winfield Scott. He proposed that by imitating Cortez and landing at Vera Cruz, striking inland, he could capture Mexico City.

Many of Taylor's troops were siphoned away to Scott. Among them was Lt. Grant.

Robert E. Lee has emerged in legend as the hero of Mexico City because of his brilliant strategy. Yet Grant later said that he never feared Lee, as the other Union generals did, because he knew him. He came to know Lee during the assault on Mexico City.

Lee also came to know Grant. When he heard that Grant had been named supreme commander of

*(continued on page 62)*



*General Grant, after his return to the Army during the call to service at the beginning of the Civil War.*



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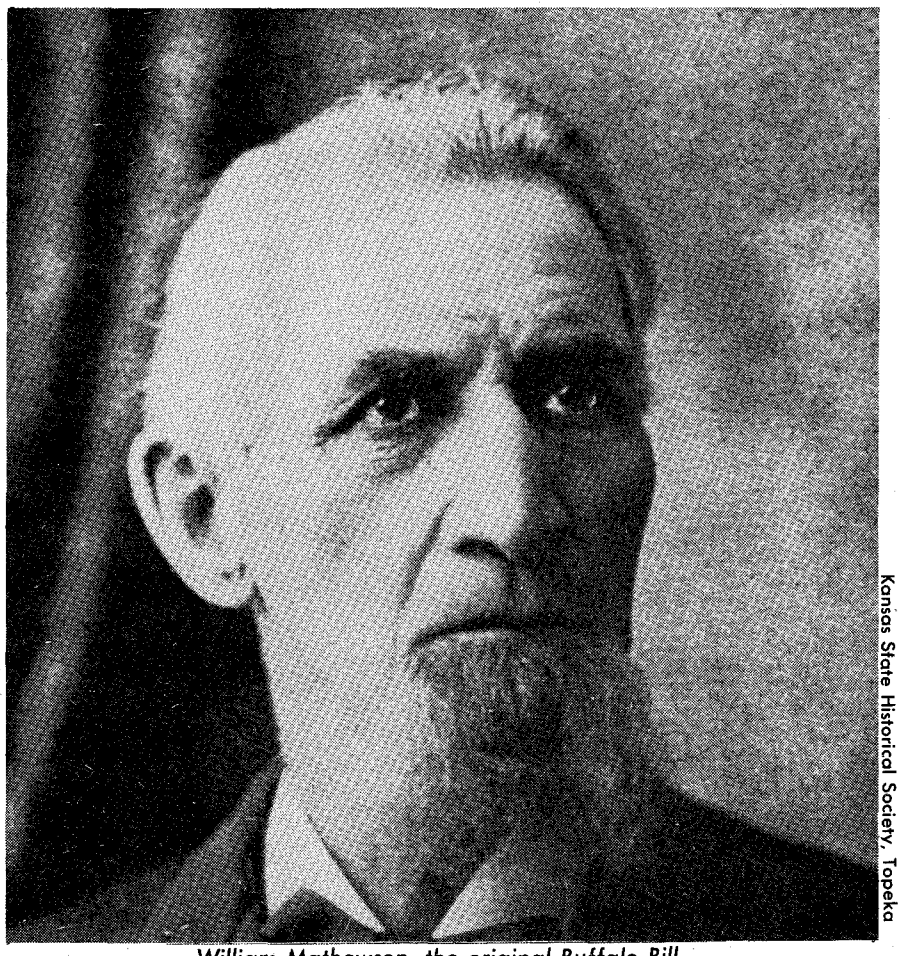

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

*William Mathewson, the original Buffalo Bill.*

By Sam Henderson

# THOSE OTHER

**Some Western historians state that a man named William Mathewson was the first and real Buffalo Bill. The Indians called Mathewson "Sinpah Yilbah" and thought he was a god sent to rule the Big Bend country. And they may have been right.**

The grizzled plainsman shook snow from his whiskers. "Thar's meat!" he shouted to the hungrily hovering frontier folk. "Thar's meat enough to feed all a us!"

"Where?" the cries arose in a desperate chorus. "Oh God, where-"

"At Bill's! At Buffalo Bill's Great Bend trading post!"

The year was 1860, the place the newly founded state of Kansas. Some weeks before, winter had furiously swept down on these settlers. They, having just braved a merciless drought, were left without food. Until then it had seemed they might starve.

But now Buffalo Bill was moving to relieve them of their plight. He, a marksman without peer, had just ventured out into the merciless cold. He was tracking down buffalo, bringing the carcasses back to his Great Bend trading post. He was offering "Meat for free to all who might need it!"

He had an explanation ready for those who wondered why. "These settlers are gonna help me later!" he cried. "They're gonna help me realize my only dream!"

He'd long before vowed to bring an empire from amid the prairies. He vowed to establish an empire greater even than that of Napoleon in Europe. He vowed to bring from the windswept plains thriving cities and mighty industries.

Those knowing of his background didn't think this unlikely. He'd been descended from a long line of pioneers. His Scottish ancestors had served in the American Revolution, helped to settle both New York and Connecticut.

William Mathewson - the real and original Buffalo Bill - was born on January 1, 1830 in New York state's Broome Country. He had spent his early youth wandering his native Northeast. He worked in the New York lumber camps and the Pennsylvania coal mines. He trapped the rivers and creeks of Wisconsin and Minnesota.

The North American Fur Company, after buying his pelts for the 1849 season, added his name to their payroll. They sent him west into the Rocky Mountains. There he became the friend of Kit Carson, Jim Baker, Hugh Glass, and other noted scouts.



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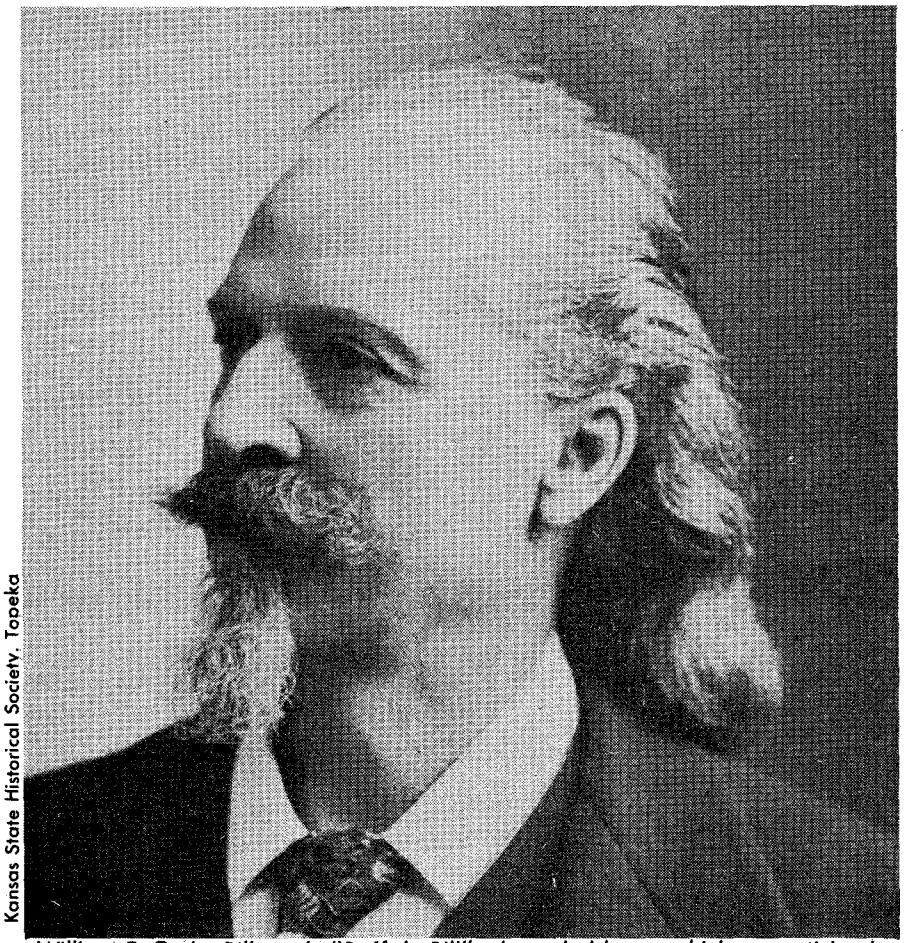

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

*William F. Cody. Bill made "Buffalo Bill" a household term which romanticized the West.*

# BUFFALO BILLS

It was while freighting supplies from St. Louis to Fort Bent in Colorado that he first acquired his dream of empire. He had then come to realize the potential of the Kansas plains. He had foreseen wheat bursting in abundance from the rich red soil. He had foreseen cities and towns, villages and hamlets, plants and factories. All this — and more he'd foreseen—

"There's gonna be a civilization here some day," he kept telling himself. "There's gonna be—"

His fellow plainsmen didn't agree. They knew that the warring Indian tribes regarded the Kansas vastness as a private preserve. The Apaches, Comanches, Arapahoes and Kiowas used it as hunting ground. They'd scalped and massacred every white man previously trying to settle there.

Mathewson never - the - less continued to dream. He became especially wistful when passing the point where the Arkansas River took its deepest arc. Long a rendezvous for plainsmen, this was the ideal location for a trading post. All the more widely used frontier trails passed nearby. The soil rich and red, would obviously be most productive.

His fellow plainsmen vainly tried to reason with him. "Boy," they cried, "thet kinda talk is crazy. Don't ye know anything? That's Injun country. There's Kiowa there, and Arapahoe. They ain't gonna let nobody—"

"They'll let me! They'll let me!"

"Why would they?"

"Because I know how to deal with 'em!"

This proved to be true indeed. Mathewson made none of the mistakes which had proven fatal for other traders. When moving into the plains, he neither panicked nor cowered. He boldly led his men to "the great bend." He bravely laid the foundation for what would be the West's most frequented trading post.

Soon smoke signals were looming into the skies. These carried the news from one Indian village to another. Strange white men were building something on the river bank — strange white men who behaved like gods.

Kiowa Chief Santanta eventually heard the news. He immediately flew into a rage. He had again and again warned white men against establishing trade at the great bend. But now, once again, they were trying.

"Drive away their horses!" he ordered his braves. "Without horses they can not continue."

A small task force that night swept down on the post corrals. But they found these well guarded. Several shots were fired into their ranks. They instantly scattered.

This left Santanta madder than ever. He rallied his braves. They rode down to order the traders away.

Mathewson refused even to listen. Instead, he leaped down and upon the savage. While the terrified Kiowas watched, he throughly thrashed their chief.

"Now get the hell outa here!" he bellowed. "Get — and fast."



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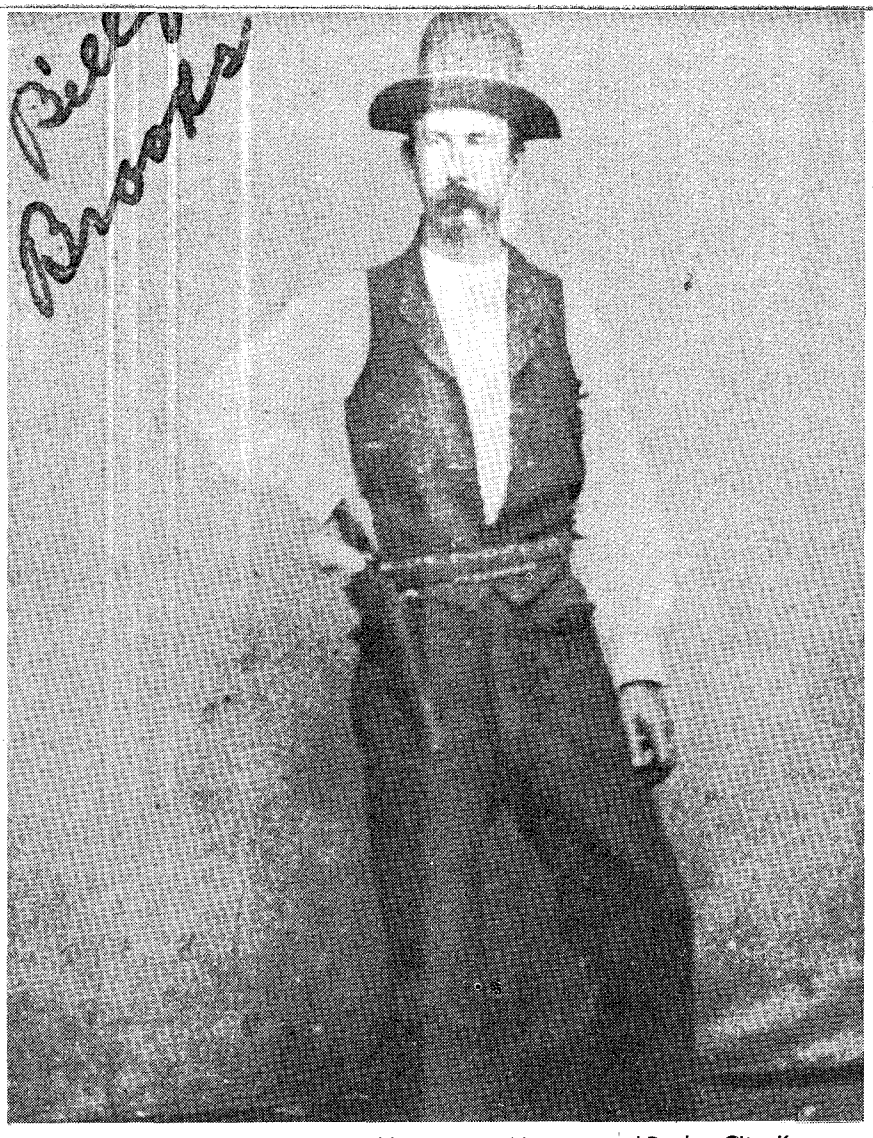

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*Buffalo Bill Brooks, plainsman and lawman at Newton and Dodge City, Kansas. He later turned outlaw and was hanged by a posse.*

The savages did just this. They scattered in all directions. They rode hard until far back amid the hills. Then they exchanged knowing glances.

They knew now why Sinpah Yilbah, "the dangerous long-bearded white man," behaved like a god. He was exactly that. Sinpah Yilbah was a god sent by the Great Spirit to preside over the hills and prairies.

William "Sinpah Yilbah" Mathewson retained this prestige for years to come. He was thus able to widen his mighty arms and welcome into the plains region the first settlers. He greeted the first Conestoga wagons.

He watched proudly as they laid out farms and established ranches. He helped them sow the first wheat. He helped them tame the wild plains.

All went well until 1860. Then suddenly the weather turned against them. First, there was a drought. This wiped out the crops and food was scarce.

Then came an unusually harsh winter. A fierce storm howled down from out of the north, catching the plains in an iron grip. Every farm and homestead was snowed in. Already without food, the settlers seemed sure to starve.

"I'll never let 'em!" Will Mathewson bellowed. "I'll see they get meat! I'll see!"

He did indeed! Without the least hesitation, he ventured out into the merciless cold. He tracked down a herd of buffalo. Firing rapidly from the saddle, he killed scores.

Then, aided by an employee, he set out in a sled to collect the meat. He, braving the howling winds, butchered the brutes, then filled the storage bins at his trading post.

That done, he sent messengers out across the countryside. They carried the delightful news from one community to another. "There's meat!" they cried. "There's meat for free! There's meat for free at great bend!"

One eventually happened on a starving pioneer. He had spent many long weeks in search of meat — many, many longs weeks—

"Bill's got plenty!" the messenger cried.

"Who?"

"Buffalo Bill," the cry came by instinct. "Buffalo Bill at Great Bend."

Mathewson's men liked the ring of that name. They thereafter used it in spreading the news. They kept telling people that "Buffalo Bill had meat for free at Great Bend."

Such was the origin of a name which came to be renowned throughout the world. It eventually came to represent all that is romantic about the Wild West. Just its mention still brings alive Pony Express rides, buffalo hunts, stagecoach holdups, and Indian fights.

William Mathewson was responsible for none of this. The original Buffalo Bill abhorred publicity as much as a more famous one adored it. He once refused *Harper's Weekly* a $50,000 offer for his life story.

But he couldn't keep others from singing his praises. There were those on the plains who insisted upon lauding "the real Buffalo Bill." There were soldiers, bullwhackers, prospectors and homesteaders. There was even a school teacher.

Her name was Rea Woodman and she had every reason for admiring Mathewson. He had saved her from a life of savagery. He had saved her from growing up among Indians.

Wichita was still just a cow town when Rea's family settled there in 1872. They opened one of its first general stores. She often played in its vast yard.

One day, while still a toddler, she wandered onto the outlying prairie. Almost immediately, warring Arapahoes had appeared. They swept her up, stifled her screams and carried her away.

Within the hour the frontier folk became aware of the girl's disappearance. But they were undecided as to how to react. Some wanted to wage an attack against the Indians' camp. Others felt such "a damn fool move" would be disastrous.

They were still debating when Buffalo Bill showed up. He dismounted, listened to their arguments. Then finally he offered his opinion. A posse would indeed have to be organized. But its members would also have to proceed cautiously.

All eyes hopefully centered on the veteran plainsman. Their frantic voices arose in a chorus: "Will you lead us? Will you?"

Mathewson agreed to take command. He led the posse out onto the plains. Without even leaving the saddle, he trailed the Indians to a camp



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on Cowskin Creek (near the present site of Haysville, Kansas).

Bill ordered most of his men to remain in a grove. He, accompanied by the baby's father and another man named English, rode into the camp. They found their quarry obviously fearful.

The Arapahoes hadn't expected Sinpah Yilbah to come after the papoose. Seeing him approaching, they recalled the many stories of his prowess. They wondered what he—

Mathewson rapidly gave the peace sign. They were there to parlay rather than make war. They had supposedly been in the field many long weeks without a meal. They hoped to trade tobacco for food.

The Indians quickly agreed. But they were in the meantime trying to devise means for escaping peril. They didn't want Sinpah Yilbah to catch them with the baby. He, if doing so, would undoubtedly apply magic.

Finally their leader came up with an idea. "We find white papoose," he suddenly cried.

Mathewson said nothing.

"We want to sell papoose," the chief added.

Still Mathewson said nothing.

"We willing to sell damn cheap."

Mathewson showed no interest. He obviously didn't need a papoose. He was kept endlessly moving from one to another of his trading posts.

The chief turned to Woodman. "What about you?" he demanded. "You need papoose?"

Woodman reluctantly said no. His wife had just given birth to a baby. He had "brand new papoose." He didn't need another.

The chief despairingly turned to English. "What 'bout you?"

The man solemnly shook his head. He already had three papooses. He "couldn't use another."

By now the Indian was anxious for a sale. In desperation he led his guests to a nearby blanket. He showed them the scandalously dirty but otherwise unharmed baby.

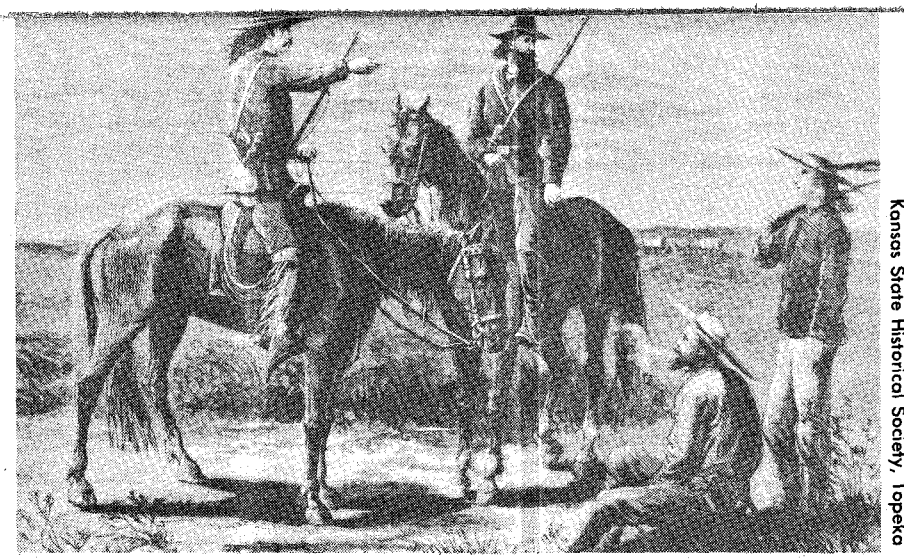
"I got prettier papooses," English said. "Why should I —"

"Me willing to sell damn cheap."

Now quickly Mathewson took Woodman aside. "Offer him fifty cents," he softly said. "See what happens."

The father did as instructed and English added his jackknife.

A few seconds later, the trio rode away with the baby. They left the chief believing himself "with the better end of the deal." He was proudly displaying his knife, with its four blades and a corkscrew.



Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

*Buffalo Bill Comstock with other Custer Scouts in 1867. Comstock was one of the best scouts in the plains area.*

Rea Woodman was unable later to recall her escape from savagery. But her father endlessly strived to revive her memory. Whenever she was mischievous, he would recall —

"Ah me," he'd say with a wink. "I wish I had my fifty cents back."

* * * * * * * * * *

Year after year "Buffalo Bill" became more and more famous. There were many who came to regard him a myth, no more real than Pecos Bill. These reasoned that no one man could be capable of so many feats.

Edward Shelley, an English nobleman roaming the Northwest, yielded to this persuasion. Then, on December 10, 1862 he found himself face to face with nobody else but Buffalo Bill. They met at Fort Benton in the Montana Territory.

Shelley described in his diary this "personage" whom he had "regarded a myth." What he didn't know was that this wasn't the real Bill. At this time Mathewson was busy building his Kansas empire. He hadn't ventured beyond the Rockies in many long years.

This was "Buffalo Bill Cramer." Shelley may very well have met another "Buffalo Bill" in the nearby Black Hills. W. C. Tomlins became known by that name while hunting bison in the Dakotas. (He later successfully established a ranch on the Belle Fourche River.)

"Well, gol darn!" frontiersmen now began to bellow. "Just how many buffalo Bills are thar?"

There were several, and that explained why the existence of even one was denied. No ONE man was capable of so many feats. But MANY men, many Buffalo Bills, were—

Young Will Comstock was considered by many the most worthy of those using the name. General George Armstrong Custer, commander of the famed 7th Cavalry, generously praised him in his *My Life on the Plains.* Quoting directly:

"No Indian knew the plains country better than did Comstock. He was completely familiar with ever divide, water course, and strip of timber for hundreds of miles in either direction. He knew the dress and peculiarities of the every Indian tribe and spoke the languages of many of them."

Newspaper correspondent Theodore Davis praised the young scout even more highly. Quoting from his *A Summer on the Plains:* "Comstock is quiet and unassuming in manner, small in size, and compact in proportion. He is also the best rider on the plains, with which he is probably more familiar than any other white man who roams over them."

Neither of these highly esteemed writers mention the swiftness with which Comstock drew a revolver. He was "lightning fast on the draw." No other scout, unless it was Wild Bill Hickok, could equal his speed.

He gave a demonstration in 1868 at the sutler's store in Fort Wallace. An enemy named Wyatt fell before the roar of his Ivory-handled Colt ... fell dead to the floor.

"You'll never take me alive!" Comstock bellowed to his victim's friends. "You'll never take me!"

Then quickly he swung up astride his horse. He fired several shots into the air, then galloped away through the fortress gates. He didn't stop until reaching Rose Creek.

He remained holed up there for several weeks. Then General Sheridan came from the East to take command in the West. He desperately needed a scout familiar with the terrain.

There were none more so than Will



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Comstock. He thus sought the fugitive out. He found him holed up in an abandoned shelter.

"I don't wanna go to jail," the youth cried. "I'd rather die."

"You won't be imprisoned," Sheridan said. "I guarantee that."

A few weeks later, Justice of the Peace M.S. Joyce refused to accept his plea of guilty. "Yer a damn fool fer admittin' this!" he bellowed. "I dismiss this case fer lack of evidence!"

That following morning, young Comstock led the Sheridan troops out of Fort Hays.

* * * * * * * * * *

Still another Buffalo Bill had by now showed up on the plains. His real name was William Frederick Cody.

Newspapers like the Leavenworth *Daily Conservative* were lauding his feats. The January 11, 1868 issue described him as having just killed nineteen bison weighing more than four thousand pounds in less than three days.

Such stories left veteran plainsmen unable to agree as to which of the two Bills might be more worthy of the name. Comstock was indisputably better versed in range lore. But young Will Cody was apparently more adept at killing buffalo.

Comstock, after overhearing such a discussion, flew into a rage. "I'm better than Cody!" he bellowed. "And I'm willing to prove it!"

Officers at Fort Wallace sent this word to Fort Hays. Their Chief of Scouts was willing to engage in a bison-killing contest. Each would enter the same herd at the same time from opposite sides. At stake would be $500 and the most famed name in the West. The loser would never again call himself "Buffalo Bill."

What followed is now a matter of history. William Frederick Cody proved himself the World's Champion Buffalo Killer. Druing a contest that lasted most of a day, he killed sixty-nine of the brutes. Comstock's total was forty-six.

The loser was good to his word. He never again used the name. He allowed Cody what was then believed exclusive rights to the "Buffalo Bill" title.

Comstock wouldn't have been around long to use it anyway. A few months later, he and a fellow scout named Ab Grover visited a Cheyenne Indian camp near Big Spring Station. Their hosts attempted without success to buy Comstock's Ivory-handled pistol.

"Nope," Will kept saying. "Can't let ye have it. That's my charm. It protects me against death."

Not surprisingly, this increased the Indians' desire. Their faces now darkened. They were obviously becoming hostile.

Hastily the scouts arose. They went to their horses and galloped away.

They got no more than a few miles; they were swept down on by howling Kiowas. Their former friends blasted them from their saddles.

Poor Comstock was instantly killed. Grover lay in the high grass that entire day. After nightfall he managed to reach the railroad and halt a passing train.

When reaching Fort Wallace, he was in a fever. But he never-the-less delivered the terrible news to General Sheridan. Will Comstock, greatest of the Indian scouts, was dead.

* * * * * * * * * *

Not all the Buffalo Bills so devotedly served society. Several wound up on the wrong side of the law. Billy Brooks died at the end of a noose, as did also William J. Wilson. The latter met his fate after murdering Bob Carey in Lincoln, New Mexico. He had supposedly killed a Texas sheriff.

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

*Wild Bill Hickok was once associated in a stage show featuring Buffalo Bill Cody.*



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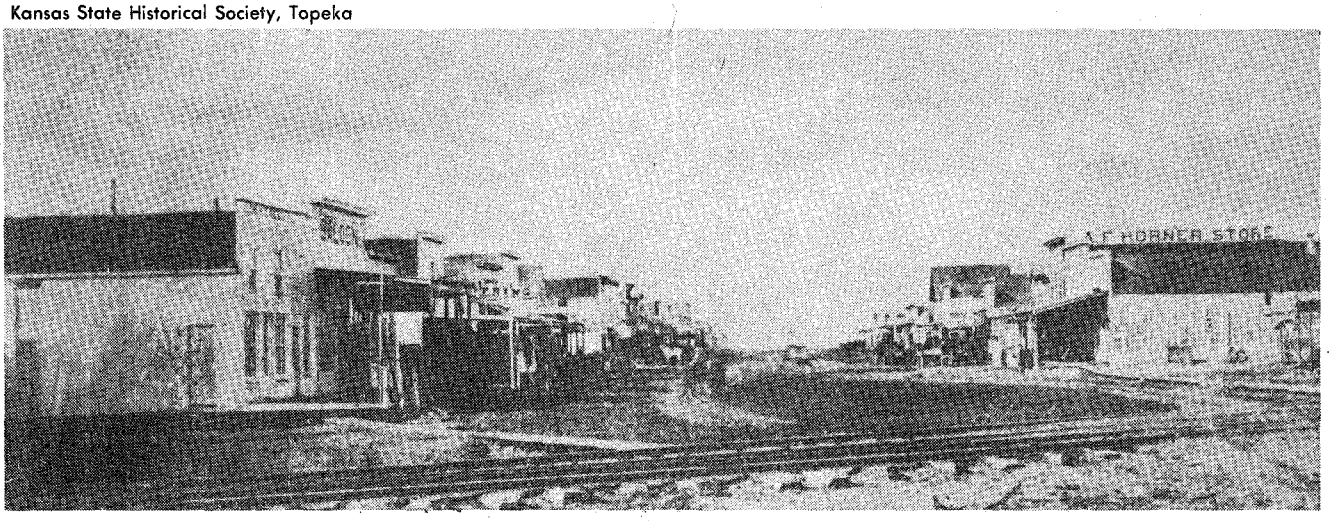
Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka




*Newton, Kansas, the town Buffalo Billy Brooks closed down.*

Brooks' life is worth more than a passing glance. "Buffalo Billy" served the Kansas railroad as both scout and hunter. He later drove stagecoaches through the draws and gulches separating Wichita and Newton. He fought off scores of fast - shooting desperados.

The authorities of Newton, Kansas were fast to take note of this. They needed a fast-shooting marshal to ride herd on the Texas cowhands bringing longhorns up the Chisholm Trail. They needed someone like Buffalo Billy.

The plainsman didn't hesitate toward taking on the job. It was easier to shoot in the streets than from the top of a rollicking stage. He thus began immediately patrolling Newton with a Winchester. (Unlike other town-taming marshals, he preferred that weapon to a sixgun.)

The cowboys, after many long months of breathing nothing but prairie dust and drinking little besides cactus juice, were more than ready for a good time. In June of 1872 they moved to take over the town. They whoopingly ran down prosperous citizens, hoisted them onto their shoulders, carried them to the nearest saloon. There they forced them to "treat the house."

Buffalo Billy watched the prosperous merchants and farmers shell out. Broadminded, he had no objection to a little fun. He, himself, bought the boys "at least one round."

Then he proceeded to his own favorite saloon. He seated himself behind a poker table and broke open a new deck of cards. He dealt himself a hand.

Right then a shot rang out. Brooks hastened back into the street. Another volley echoed from the Dance House Saloon. The cowboys were moving to take over there. They'd subdued the proprietor and chased the patrons from the premises.

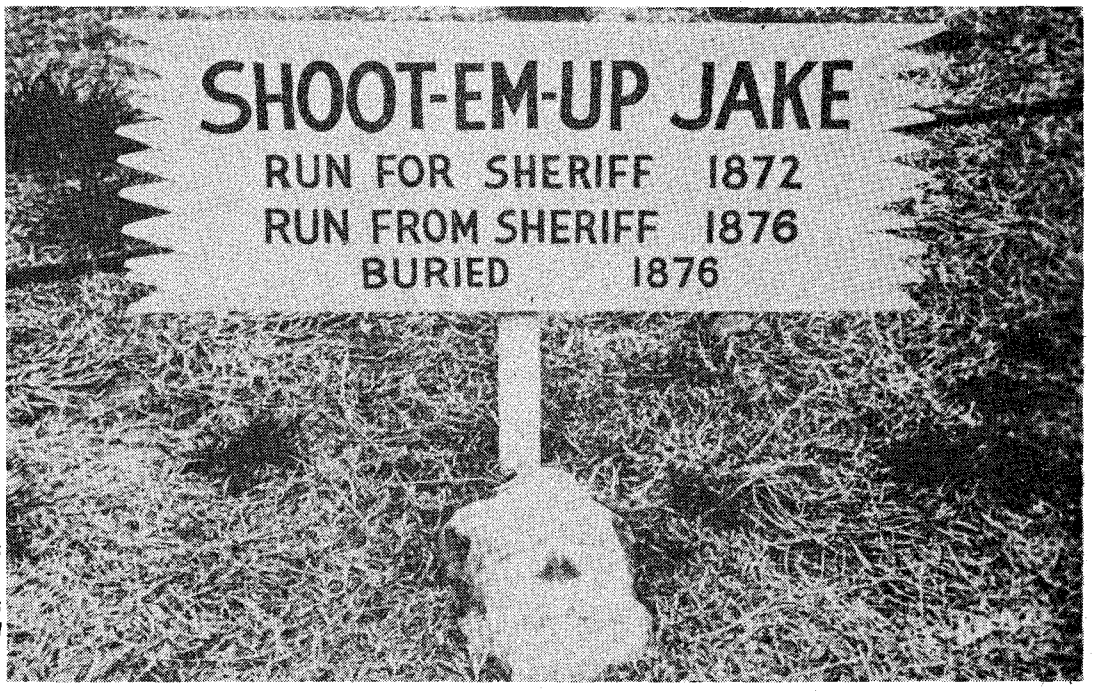
Buffalo Billy came through the bat wings with Winchester blazing. He fired several shots above the cowhands' heads. He herded them into the street, up astride their horses, out toward the outlaying prairie.

Then suddenly they furiously turned on him. They whirled their horses and began blazing away with sixguns. They caught the surprised marshal in a hail of lead.

One bullet tore into his chest. Another ripped through his right thigh. Still another nicked his left leg.

Bellowing furiously and bleeding profusely, Buffalo Billy set out in pursuit. "I'll get them sons of bitches!" he raged. "I'll get them!"

At first it seemed he just might. He continued the pursuit for nearly ten miles. Then finally, when unexpectedly hitting a draw, he was almost jolted from the saddle. The




*Dodge City's famous boot-hill cemetery. Buffalo Billy Brooks put an enemy named Brown to rest here.*



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*Front Street, Dodge City, where Buffalo Billy shot down railroader Brown.*

sudden pain brought him back to his senses. He was too weak to go much further.

When finally reaching the home of friends, he was nearly dead from loss of blood. He fell heavily from the saddle. Laboriously breathing, he rolled into the dust.

He didn't awaken until that following morning. Then the recollection sent strength and rage surging through his body. "I'll fix them sons of bitches!" he kept repeating himself. "I'll fix them!"

Friends wondered what he meant to do. Upon emerging from the bed, he showed them. He turned on the many cowboys thronging the streets of Newton.

"Hide out, you bastards!" he raged, waving his Winchester. "Hide out!"

His quarry scattered in all directions. They sought refuge behind livery stables and beneath bedsteads.

But the emptied streets didn't satisfy Buffalo Billy. He moved now to close down the town. He moved from one to another of the more sinister sin dens. He ordered the patrons there to "Get — and fast!"

They reacted as though pursued by the devil. They fled the saloons, leaped up astride their ponies. They made rapidly for the outlying cow camps.

That following morning, the authorities decided they could no longer afford Buffalo Billy. He had driven away the cowboys who so freely spent their wages. Such vigilance would in time prove disastrous to their businesses.

Brooks disgustedly surrendered his badge. "That's all right with me!" he bellowed. "I'll go where I'm more appreciated! I'll go to Dodge City!"

"You'll — you'll —" one official stammered.

"Do what?" another echoed.

"Surely — surely."

The authorities had every reason to be shocked. Dodge City, with thousands of fast-shooting cowboys running wild in its streets, was considered the wildest town in the entire world. It had no law whatever. The boldest peace officers in the West had refused to serve as its marshal.

Yet Buffalo Billy did not hesitate. He rode in with his Winchester leveled across his saddle bow. He announced to one and all his intention of halting the wanton violence.

Those doubting him were almost immediately enlightened. Just a few nights after taking office, he confronted an armed mob in the streets. This was led by Tom Brown, a railroader and one of his oldest enemies.

"Buffalo Billy!" he bellowed. "I ain't forgot how you killed my brother! I'm here to even up! I'm —"

The marshal fell back, gripping his Winchester. "I had to do it!" he cried. "You know that! It was either kill or die!"

His voice was drowned out by the roar of gunfire. Brown was already blasting away. The first bullet tore through Brooks' flockcoat and singed his side.

By then his rifle was bucking and flaring. Brown fell before its roar ... fell into the dust, spurting blood. He was hit in the abdomen.

Brooks stared at the groveling figure, then heard a sound from behind. He whirled and found another man running from out of the night. He fired again.

The bushwhacker yelped in pain, then fell forward. He had intended shooting the marshal from ambush. But being overly excited, he dashed forward for a better shot.

He would survive. Brown wouldn't. The railroader died within the hour.

In Dodge City, Buffalo Billy was responsible for just this one funeral. But certain writers would have us believe otherwise. They've pictured the marshal as practically filling Boot Hill. They've shown him blasting scores of fast-shooting cowboys into

*(continued on page 58)*



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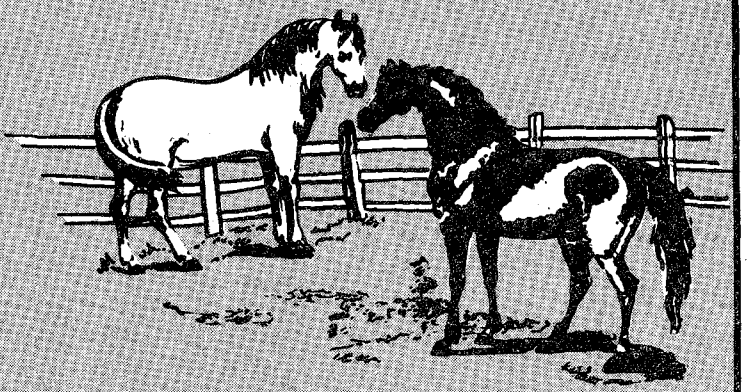
# THE EDITOR'S CORRAL



I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

DISASTER ON THE PRAIRIE

Overwhelmed by a blizzard on the open prairie sixteen miles from Rapid City, South Dakota, A. F. Perry, his wife, three daughters and a son, who were trekking from the Black Hills, were found frozen to death, according to word received here. Another son may have perished, while a third, dazed, was found riding aimlessly in search of the others. The party was overcome within a mile of the Milton Frazer ranch, where there was warmth and cheer, and in their wanderings had passed it several times, the blinding snow obscuring it. With their household belongings in a prairie schooner and the two older sons driving their twenty-six cattle ahead, they left here when the full force of the storm struck them. Perry blindfolded his balking horses with gunny sacks, but in vain, and finally set them loose. They reached the ranch. Too frozen to climb back, he died beside the wagon. Mrs. Perry's body was found with her infant son clasped to her breast in a last attempt to appease its hunger. The three other children were huddled about her. Her skirts and underclothing were bound about them. Two men who started to search for the Perrys are missing and no word has been received from the brother.

From News of the Day column in Secret Service
April 11, 1913

MORMON CONVERTS MOVING FROM TENNESSEE TO UTAH

Nearly 1,000 Mormon converts left Chattanooga, Tenn., last week for Utah. In the party were three Negroes, two men and a woman. These are said to be the first converts to Mormonism from that race.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
Nov. 22, 1884

TRAIN WRECK IN TEXAS

Twelve persons were killed and twenty injured by the wreck of an express train on the Houston and Texas Central Railroad on the 14th instant. The disaster was the work of tramps, who removed the rails on a bridge, causing the train to plunge in the river below.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
Nov. 22, 1884

OIL DISCOVERED IN WYOMING

The latest reports from Wyoming shows that derricks are going up and wells going down, and that oil has been struck in the heart of that Territory. Should petroleum be found there in large quantities a further demoralization of the Eastern markets, caused by the recent remarkable developments in Pennsylvania, would be the inevitable result.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
Nov. 22, 1884

SETTLING AN ARGUMENT THE HARD WAY

A murder trial has just ended at Butte, Montana. A special to the Helena Journal says that Rose Bennett, a courtesan of Anaconda, has been found guilty of murdering Frank Grover. The two entered into a discussion about the State of Rhode Island, the woman wagering that it was not in the United States. When the bet was decided against her, the woman shot Grover, inflicting a mortal wound. The jury brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
May 18, 1889

MARTIAL LAW IN OKLAHOMA

It is stated that no provision was made by Congress for local government in Oklahoma, and that the city and town governments, etc., are set up without warrant of law. In fact, there is no law in Oklahoma except martial law. It is easy to see that serious trouble may result from this condition of affairs.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
June 1, 1889

MORE INDIAN LANDS TO BE OPEN FOR SETTLEMENT

The Sioux Commission left Chicago last week for the Sioux Reservation in Dakota, for the purpose of securing the signatures of the oldest Indians to the agreement to sell their lands. If three - fourths of the Indians shall sign, eleven million of acres will be thrown open to settlement, and a rush of settlers may be looked for that will make the recent Oklahoma craze seem a tame and insignificant affair. The Territory is healthful and the soil productive.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
June 8, 1889

BUFFALO BILL, THE RAGE OF PARIS

Buffalo Bill is the rage in Paris. A breakfast given in his honor recently by a titled society leader was attended by a strong array of representatives of the nobility.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
June 15, 1889

IRON DISCOVERED IN OKLAHOMA

Dispatches from Oklahoma report the finding of rich iron mines a short distance from Guthrie. The ore is said to contain sixty-five per cent iron.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
June 15, 1889

ELECTION AT GUTHRIE, OKLAHOMA

At the first election by ballot in Guthrie, Oklahoma Territory, 2,346 votes were registered. Colonel D. B. Dyer was re-elected mayor.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
June 22, 1889

SIOUX APPARENTLY READY TO GIVE UP THEIR LANDS

It begins to look as if the Sioux Indians will agree to the proposition to surrender a portion of their reservation. They are steadily signing the Dawes agreements, and at one of the agencies the required number of signatures has already been secured.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
June 22, 1889 ●RW



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# Real West Movie Hall Of Fame

# TEX RITTER

By Mario DeMarco

I had the opportunity to meet the late, great western singing star, Tex Ritter, once while he was making pictures for Grand National when he first began making films, and again, years later, when he was singing on TV in one of his own programs entitled "Tex Ritter's Ranch Party" back in the late 50's. I found Tex to be one of the friendliest stars I have ever met. One of his outstanding features was he was truly a great American, and believed in the principles that made this country great. Portraying a cowboy on the screen and singing the great ballads of this land gave him a great satisfaction. As he once told me, "In my opinion, the American cowboy helped forge this country into the mighty land it is today," and he was surely right.

Tex's full name was Woodward Maurice Nederland Ritter. He was born on January 12, 1907 in Murvaul, Texas. He attended Beaumont High and, after graduating, enrolled at the University of Texas, where he earned a Bachelor of Arts degree. Deciding to become a lawyer, he studied law at Northwestern University. He set up law practice, which lasted about one year, before he decided to trade in his books for a guitar and took a job singing on radio. With his voice it didn't take him long to land on the stage, where he was featured in productions like "Mother Lode", "Green Grow the Lilacs" and "The Roundup." Tex then returned to radio and appeared on such shows as "The Lone Star Rangers", "Death Valley Days", "Cowboy Tom's Roundup" and his own program, "Tex Ritter's Campfire." In between jobs he cut some pretty good musical records which made his name familiar throughout the country.

About this time Gene Autry, a product of radio, was making it big as a singing cowboy for Republic Studios. Edward Finney, an independent film producer who quickly recognized the new trend in westerns, quickly signed the youthful Ritter to a screen contract. It was a wise move on Finney's part and one that would benefit Tex's future in movies. Under the banner of Grand National Pictures, Tex made his first movie, *Song of the Gringo*, in 1936. With good directing and solid production values and, of course, the singing of Ritter, the film became a hit. Tex was on his way to becoming the newest singing western star. The next year he made the ranks of the Motion Picture Herald as one of the top ten Western stars. He again made the list in the following four years, also in 1944 and 1945. In all, he was one of the leading performers in westerns for seven years.

Producer Finney and Tex turned out a total of 12 top-rated films for Grand National, then both left and rode under the banner of Monogram from 1938 to 1941. Here again, his pictures were of good quality, his singing was outstanding, and even his acting had improved greatly. In 1941 Tex signed up with Columbia Pictures and became a co-star with Bill Elliott. The movies here were of a better quality and contained some excellent riding and action sequences. The following year was, perhaps, his greatest, for it was at Universal Studios where he starred with Johnny Mack Brown. Those were probably his best series of westerns. Along with Brown, Fuzzy Knight was thrown in for the laughs. These films were known as the "Frontier Marshals" series and helped Tex reach the top in the popularity poll.

After his contract was up at Universal, he signed with PRC and joined Dave O'Brien and comedian Guy Wilkinson in a similar series which he did at Universal, The "Texas Rangers" westerns. The quality of films at PRC were not as good as those he had done at Columbia or Universal, but they still contained enough enjoyment to fullfill the needs of his loyal fans. Before joining PRC in 1944, Tex had done a picture with his old friend, Max Terhune, entitled *Cowboy Canteen* at Columbia Studios.

Besides his films, Tex again concentrated on radio and television and became one of the leading personalities in the field of Country and Western music. In 1952 he sang the ballad, "High Noon", in the same motion picture. The song won an Academy Award.

He appeared on TV in his own series, called "Tex Ritter's Ranch Party" in 1959. In his singing career perhaps his two greatest hits were "High Noon" and "Hill Billy Heaven."

In 1970, turning to politics, Tex ran as a Republican candidate for the United States Senate from Tennessee, but he was defeated.

He died of a heart attack in January of 1974, thus drawing the curtain on one of the greatest western stars of the screen and truly a great American. ●RW



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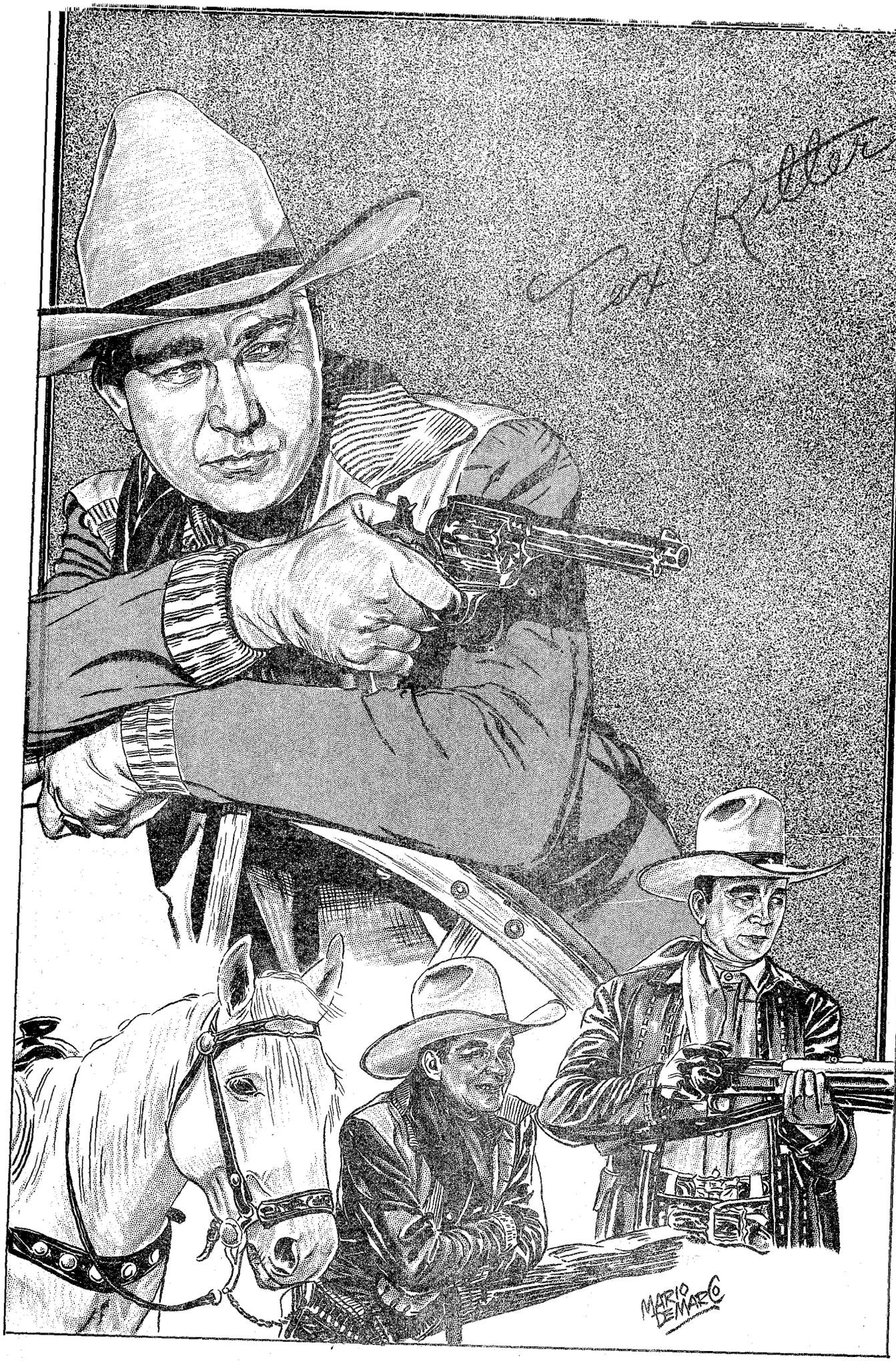




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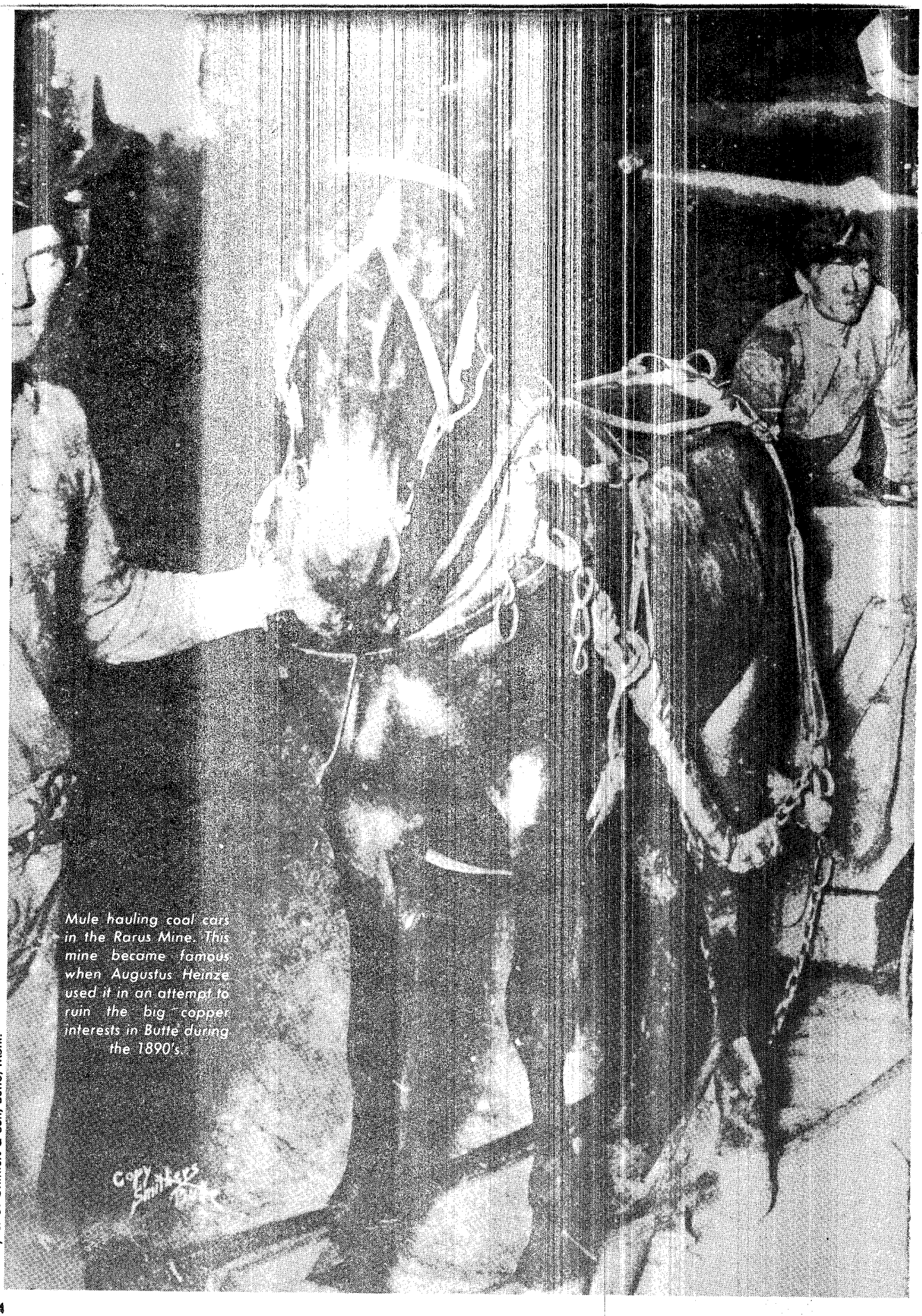

*Mule hauling coal cars in the Rarus Mine. This mine became famous when Augustus Heinze used it in an attempt to ruin the big copper interests in Butte during the 1890's.*

*Courtesy C. O. Griffiers & Son, Butte, Mont.*



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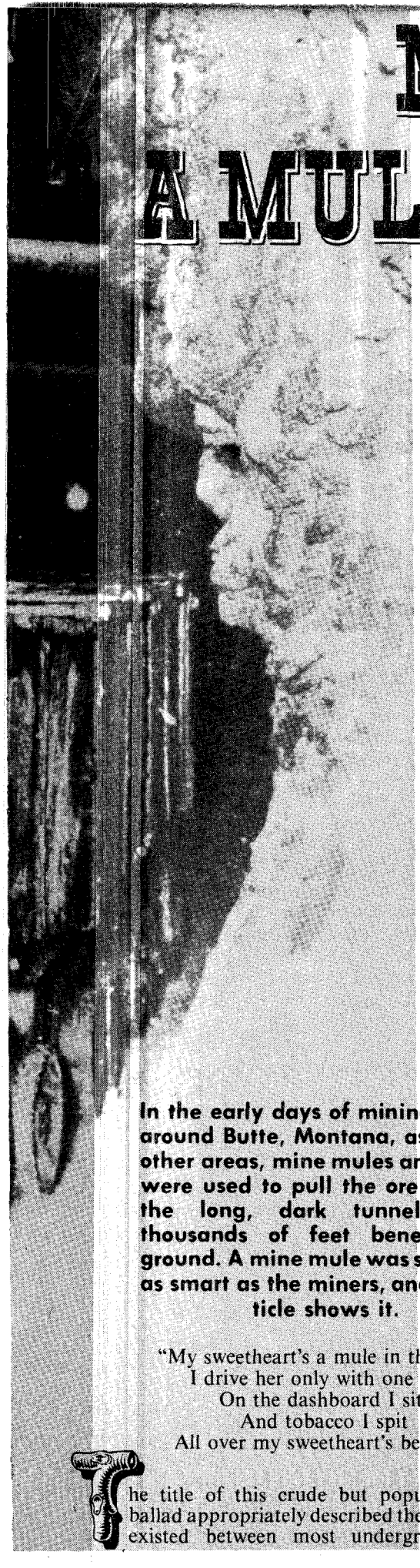
# My Sweetheart's A MULE IN THE MINE

By Jean Michael Moore



**In the early days of mining in and around Butte, Montana, as well as other areas, mine mules and horses were used to pull the ore through the long, dark tunnels often thousands of feet beneath the ground. A mine mule was said to be as smart as the miners, and this article shows it.**

"My sweetheart's a mule in the mine.
I drive her only with one line.
On the dashboard I sit,
And tobacco I spit
All over my sweetheart's behind."

The title of this crude but popular miner's ballad appropriately described the feeling that existed between most underground mine skinners or drivers and their work mules or horses. It was expecially true as applied to the so-called "underground sweethearts" of the early-day mining era of Butte, Montana.

Indeed, it is a well-known fact that the enormous tonnage of those years could not have been taken from the depths of Butte hill without the aid of these fabulous animals. They were as much a part of the mines and mining as were the Irish and Cousin Jacks, the mining cars, dynamite and the ore itself.

A conservative estimate around 1910 stated that in sixty or more operating Butte mines there were at least one thousand mules or horses working underground. Their average work life was but five years, thus over a period of thirty years, close to ten thousand of these animals labored in the mines. Each mine used from ten tc fifty animals, with two to eight assigned to each level. They worked as the miners did, in shifts, some on day duty and others on night.

Only the best stock was used for mine work, for scrub animals could never have survived the hard labor and intense heat that the mine animals were subjected to. Like the miners themselves, the animals had what it took: strength, stamina and plain old-fashioned guts.

The big, well-built horses, chosen from the finest equine work stock (like the mules), were given the best of care. Every mine had its own veterinarian and horseshoer. Stables were kept scrupulously clean, and the animals were always provided with clean fodder and straw for bedding. Fresh, clean water was lowered from the surface twice daily for all animals.

Although the underground animals lived and worked in candlelit darkness most of their lives, they apparently didn't seem to mind it, and if given their choice, it is doubtful that they would have traded places with the mules and horses above ground. Once every ten days they were taken to the surface for a few hours of leisure in the fresh air and daylight, but they never balked at returning to their underground work. A pioneer miner, Mike Callahan, when asked about the mine animals, said, "I believe the animals became so accustomed to seeing in the dark that the daylight bothered their eyes, and being used to the warmth of the mine, the sudden exposure to much of Butte's blustery weather might have made them think that they didn't have it so bad down below."

Lowering of animals into the depths was a delicate operation requiring sure hands and considerable patience by experienced ropemen. First, the animals were roped in the mine corrals on the surface, then thrown and securely tied. Next they were encased in a special rope harness resembling an oversized straight jacket which didn't allow for even the slightest movement. Bound in this manner, the animals were moved on timber trucks to the entrance to the mine shaft where they were carefully maneuvered under the mine cage and made secure. Suspended from the cage in the shaft, they were lowered to their destination from one to three thousand feet underground.



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Another method, although rarely used, was to place them, straight jacket and all, bodily on the cage. Haunches and tails on the bottom with heads up, the cage door was closed and securely fastened, and the animals were quickly lowered down the shaft.

Once they were deposited underground, procedure was simple, the animals being swung out from under the cage and onto the station. The rope straight jacket was removed and they were turned loose. After a few moments of frightened scampering, the animals were led to the barn, a rock-enclosed aperture in an unused drift, generally some distance from the shaft. A large pole gate kept them confined. After a day or two of getting used to their new environment, the beasts of burden were ready for their new assignments which they quickly learned to accept.

Once the animals descended the shaft, the mine became their permanent home.

Serious illness, old age, or the suspension of mining operations were the only reasons for an underground mule's permanent return to surface life, and it was claimed that a miner could usually gauge the duration of a shutdown by whether or not animals had been taken to the surface, for when the mules and horses came up from underground, it was safe to assume that the mines would be closed down for a long period of time.

Below ground, the animals were used to transport the ore from the drifts, stopes and raises to the station where it was "caged" and taken to the surface. Six cars to a train was the ordinary load for the animals, each car containing a ton of ore. The husky animals had no trouble handling the six-ton trains.

Each mule train was in charge of a "skinner" or driver and a swamper or assistant. The skinner handled the mule; the swamper loaded the cars from the chutes, threw the switches and made himself generally useful.

After a few weeks underground the animals developed an uncanny intelligence. Old-time miners would swear that the mules were able to count, as it was a rare animal that could be persuaded to pull more than six cars to a train. As each car was loaded, the mule would move up the track the distance of one car length, at the same time taking up the slack of the chain couplings between the cars. This procedure was repeated until the entire train was loaded. The moment the sixth car was full, the mule, without any urging from the driver, would be on his way to the station. Let the skinner attach an extra car to the train and the mule would stand stock-still in his tracks, not budging an inch until the surplus car was removed. No cajolery, cursing or even a beating could alter the stubborn animal's mind. He would settle for six cars or no cars at all.

The animals became familiar with the different tracks on the level, and in a short time could tell all the low or tight places in the drifts and would stoop down or slide over such places as occasion demanded. They were as capable as the miners themselves.

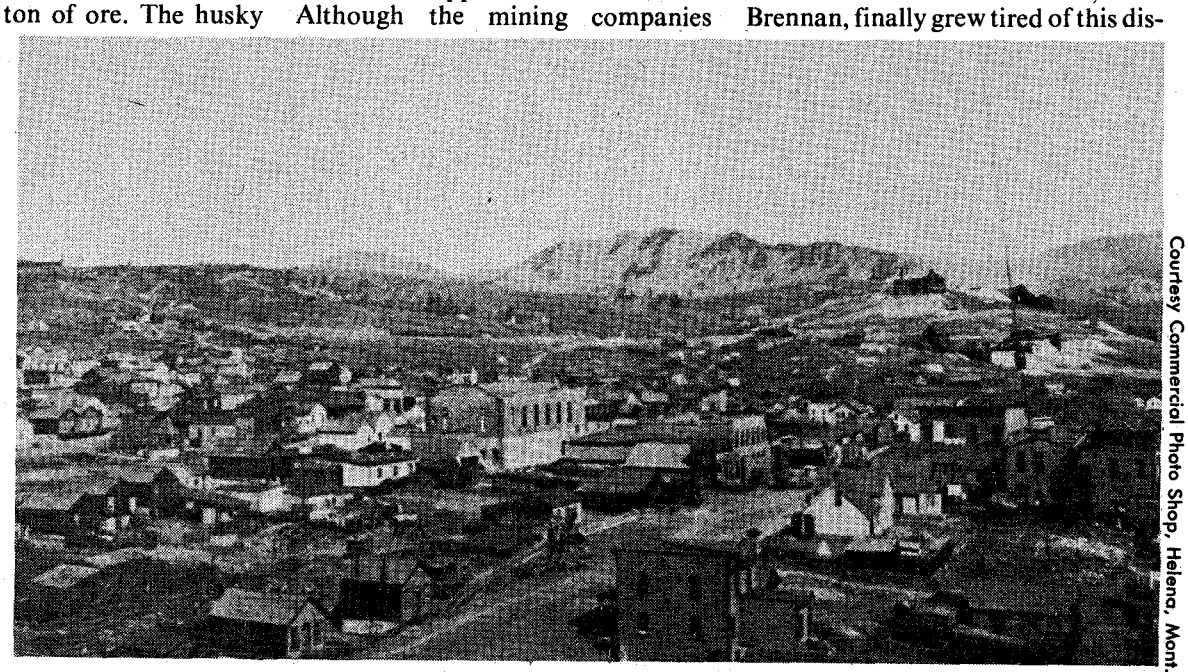
The mules seemed to have a built-in time signal and knew to the minute when an eight-hour shift was in. It was usually impossible to work them even a moment past their allotted time. Also, some inner sense told them of the approach of dinner time. Although the mining companies allowed a half hour for dinner, it became the custom of the miners to extend this to a full hour. The mules seemed acquainted with this fact, and no urging or pleading could force them away from the barn and their delicious oats until the entire sixty-minute dinner period had elapsed.

On upgrades where it was too steep to pull the cars, it was customary for the mules to about-face and "breast" or push each car over the grade with their chests, then return to the head of the train and resume their proper position when the grade was passed.

In most instances a deep affection existed between the skinners and the mules. Woe betide the misguided miner, no matter what the provocation, who would dare abuse a mule or horse. Some bitter feuds developed for this very reason.

There were instances where a mule would work for only one certain skinner. Old-timers tell of a white mule named Nellie, at the Mountain Con Mine, who became deeply attached to her skinner, a young Irishman named Denny O'Shea. So devoted to her driver was Nellie that she refused to leave the barn for anyone else. Denny liked to celebrate a bit on payday, and occasionally was unable to make the grade the following morn. On these days Nellie remained idle. No amount of persuasion from a strange skinner could get her to move. No Denny, no work, as far as Nellie was concerned. The cars of rock had to be pushed out to the station by manpower. The occurrence was repeated at more frequent intervals; once the wily Denny discovered that the level could not operate sufficiently without him.

The "no nonsense" foreman, John Brennan, finally grew tired of this dis-



*Butte, Montana in the 1870's.*

Courtesy Commercial Photo Shop, Helena, Mont.



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play of temperament on the parts of Nellie and the skinner and he presented Denny with a pink slip. Nellie became despondent. No human being could have grieved more over a loved one than she did over the loss of her adored Denny. First, kindness was tried in an effort to cheer her up, and when that failed to get her going, force was used to persuade her to get back on the job, but with no results. Finally, as a last recourse, Brennan had to find Denny and rehire him. According to those who witnessed the reunion of Denny and Nellie, it was most touching. Nellie immediately returned to work and pouted no more. She continued to pull the trains under Denny's supervision until he retired from mining. Nellie was also brought to the surface and retired along with him.

Many of the underground mules adopted some of the miners' more undesirable habits. The majority of the miners were addicted to a popular shredded chewing tobacco known as "Peerless" which was well known for its durability and unusual strength. The miners were in the habit of giving the mules a generous - sized chaw of the tobacco until they, too, became addicted to the weed and would go to any extreme to obtain it. An unerring sense of smell aided them to find any miner who had Peerless in his possession, and it was not at all unusual to see the tobacco - hungry mules muzzling the miner's clothes in search of their nicotine treats. Workers' coats or jumpers left hanging in the drifts or stations were continually being vandalized by the tobacco - chewing animals and mules were known to have refused to work unless given their daily rations of Peerless chewing tobacco.

Another habit common among underground mules was their craving for pie — any flavor, with the exception of apple preferred. All lunch buckets had to be concealed and kept well beyond the reach of the animals, for if left in the drifts or other accessible places, they would soon pull them down, then kick them over and scatter the contents so that they could get to the dessert.

A favorite joke of the miners stated that the mules could smell out the buckets put up at a local boarding house whose reputation for quality cooking (especially pies and cakes) was questionable. The mules, it was claimed, would have nothing to do with buckets from this boarding house and never molested them.

Courtesy Montana State Historical Society

*Underground mules did not seem to envy aboveground mules such as these heavily loaded wood - carrying animals. They were always ready to be lowered into the mines after a few hours above ground.*

Although cruelty to the mules or horses was strictly taboo and practically unheard of, an occasional case of a skinner beating one would come to light. An instance was related by a miner who was well known for his practical jokes. The miner was doing some repair work, according to the story, in a darkened manway entrance on the level of a mine, when a young Irish skinner with his mule and a string of empty cars pulled up to a nearby chute for a load of ore. The miner in the dark manway could see the skinner and the mule, but could not be seen by them. The skinner was suffering from a bad hangover and was, therefore, not in one of his best moods, and when the mule accidentally backed the train too far from the mouth of the chute, he picked up a handy pick handle and started to beat the animal with it. The frightened mule threw back his ears and bared his lip at his tormentor. The miner, hiding in the manway, watched the following performance.

The mule lowered his voice to a threatening tone and said:

"You damn Harp — if you hit me once more I'll kick your brains all over the mine!"

To the astonished skinner it seemed that the voice was coming directly from the mule's mouth. Dropping the pick handle, he turned and ran down the drift, shouting as he went, "Bejabbers! The damn mule's human!"

The story of "Con the Horse" is a fine example of human compassion for a lowly, underground Butte mine horse. The horse's skinner was noted for his enormous size, tremendous strength, and an overall appearance similar to that of an ancient cave man.

The skinner guided the big white horse in the mine where he worked as he pulled a train of six ore cars from a chute on an inside drift out to the station, a distance of approximately one mile. Each car contained a ton of high-grade copper ore.

One night the skinner came on shift and discovered that his horse was suffering from a case of colic. Rather than report the condition of his horse to the shift boss, which other skinners would have done, he decided to let the ailing animal take what he thought was a well - deserved rest with a chance to recuperate by remaining in the barn. The skinner managed this by taking his horse's place and pushing two ore cars at a time out to the station. From that night on, the skinner was called "Con the Horse" and few people ever knew him by any other name.

The days when mules and horses were prominent in Butte's mining activities are long gone. Modern machinery and motors have supplanted the faithful, hard-working animals, and today it would be difficult to find more than two or three mules or horses in the entire Butte mining area. The ballad, "My Sweetheart's A Mule In The Mine" now refers only to the past, but when a group of pioneer miners get together for a bit of reminiscing, their voices are often blended together to the tune of this now famous old ballad. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

The material for this manuscript has been obtained through interviews with early-day miners, from historical date in the Butte library and the Montana State Historical Library.



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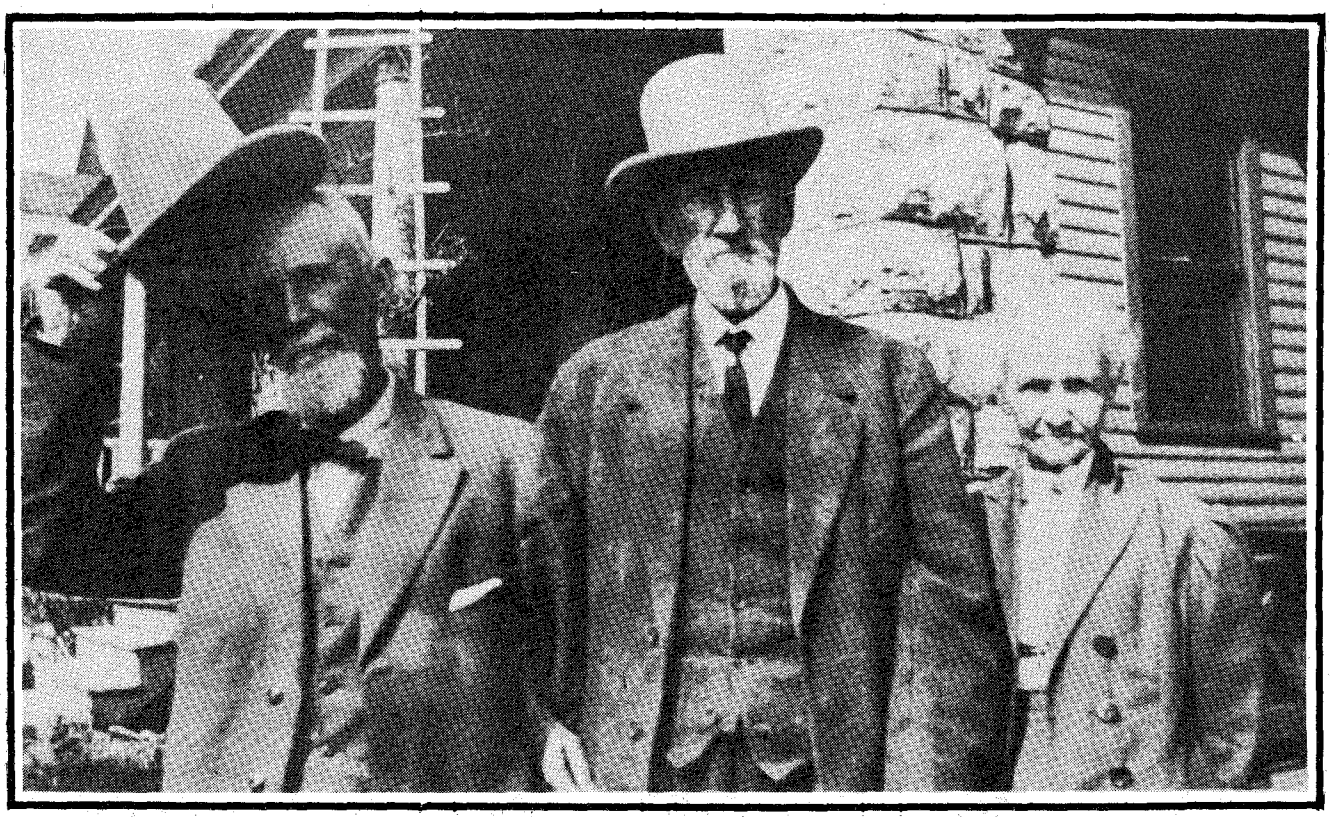
# THE JAMES BOYS At Bardstown

By Carl W. Breihan

**In the summer of 1881, "Yankee" Bligh, a famous detective, tracked down Jesse and Frank James. He knew they'd come to this Kentucky town to visit old friends and he laid a trap for them. The outlaws walked right into it; now all Mr. Bligh had to do was spring it!**



Carl Breihan collection

*John Pool, Frank James and Mrs. John Pool. One of the last known photos of Frank James. John Pool was also an ex-Quantrillian.*

It was summer, 1881, and hot as blazes in Bardstown, Kentucky, where, in a small room opposite the Ellis Hotel, two men waited patiently, but uncomfortably.

One of the men, a medium-sized fellow, was the famous Louisville, Kentucky, detective, "Yankee" Bligh, high on the hate list of the James - Younger gang. The other man was George Hunter, former city marshal of Bardstown, now a detective for the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Of course, at that time, no railroad man wanted to pass up an opportunity to capture Jesse and Frank James.

"Dammit, Bligh, it's hot as hell in here," complained Hunter. "How in the world do you know the Jameses are supposed to come to Bardstown at this time?"

"Because I happen to know that a code letter was sent to Sheriff Pence that they would be here around this time. Clarence Hite's in the pen for working with Jesse, told me how to decode such messages."

"How in hell would you recognize Jesse, anyhow?" came another irritated question.

Bligh laughed out loud. "Let me tell you something, George. When a fellow makes a damned fool out of you, you never forget it. And I've still got the post card to prove it. You recall that back in 1868 the Russellville bank was robbed, don't you? Well, some time after that I met an interesting fellow at the J. M. and I. Depot at 14th and Main Streets, Louisville, and had a nice, long chat. I even told some friends about the fine gentleman I had met. A couple of weeks after that meeting, I received a post card from Baltimore reminding me that I had, on occasion, stated I'd be willing to lie down and die if I could only meet Jesse James. Well, that fellow at the depot was Jesse James. And the message on the card told me so and also suggested that I go ahead and lie down and die."

"Well, I'll be damned, what a lot of gall," remarked the surprised George Hunter.

Some people had defended Jesse at the time of this robbery, stating he had just returned from California, where he had gone to get relief from his lung wound. However, the very day the officers were discussing him,



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Jesse was lying in his hotel room at Bardstown, brother Frank not yet having arrived.

Shortly after the Russellville bank robbery, that "peaceful" farmer, George Shepherd, was arrested by Detective Bligh. He was found guilty of participation in this robbery, and sentenced to serve three years in the Kentucky State Prison. By various means Bligh had traced him to Nelson County, where Donnie Pence was sheriff. Oll Shepherd, a cousin of George, was tracked to Missouri, where he was killed in a gun battle with posse members.

Nelson County was a safe place for the boys since their old Quantrillian buddy, A. D. (Donnie) Pence, was sheriff of that county and, of course, was friendly with his ex-buddies. After Quantrill's death in Spencer County, Kentucky in 1865, the remainder of the guerrillas who had followed him into the Blue Grass State surrendered at Samuels' Depot, Kentucky; among them were Frank James and Donnie Pence. The Union captain, Edwin Terrell, who is credited with shooting Quantrill, was shortly thereafter slain by the aroused citizens of Shelbyville for his wanton acts of violence and murder.

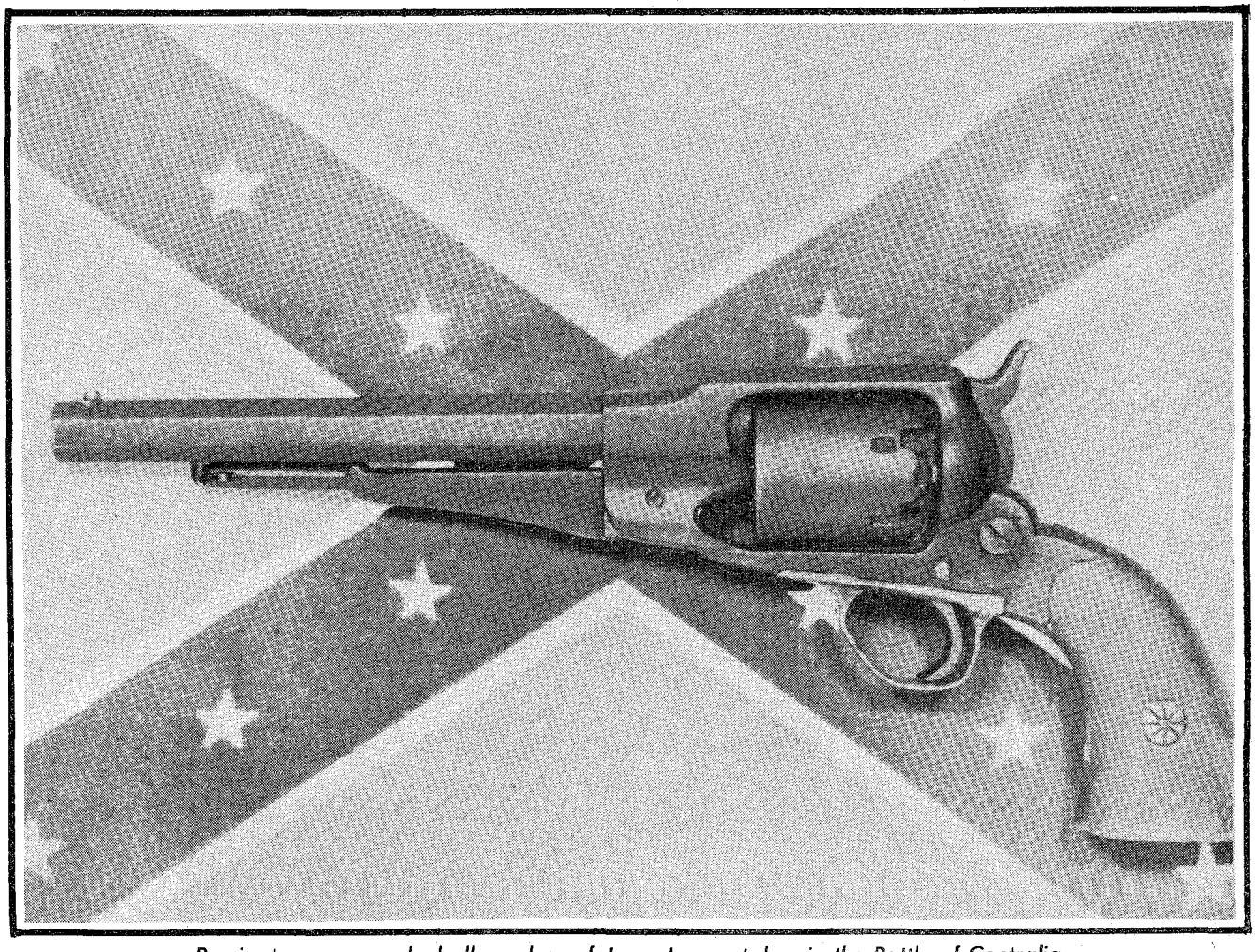
After the Civil War, Bud and Donnie Pence, having been born in Clay County, Missouri as had the James boys, were reluctant to return to their home state because of the terrible ill feeling for all returning ex-Confederates, especially the guerrillas who had fought under William Clarke Quantrill. So they settled in Nelson County, Kentucky, their ancestral region, around Samuels' Depot. This was in 1868; here Donnie Pence engaged in what he knew best: farming.

Things went well for the Pence brothers because this was ex-Confederate territory; even today some remnants of the old Confederate stock there and in Missouri will "stick up' for the Jameses and the Youngers, telling you they were "drove to it." And even though some folks could not understand the close feeling between the Pence brothers and the James boys, there was ample reason for it. Probably personal acquaintance with such men and their families made it hard for some people to regard them as bandits.

Besides, Donnie Pence had married a Samuel girl, thus becoming related to Jesse and Frank through marriage, their stepfather being Dr. Reuben Samuel. Furthermore, in a fight at Beulahville in Meade County during the war, Pence had a horse killed under him, and was himself shot through the thigh. The Confederates, with the exception of Captain Pence and Frank James, had passed through a gate closely pursued by the Federal soldiers. Pence turned and closed the gate, also making a stand against the soldiers. It was at this point that his horse was killed and he was pinned under it. Frank James, seeing the condition of Pence and realizing his danger, rode to his rescue. He succeeded in reaching Pence and rescuing him from his dangerous position, carrying him to safety.

This incident developed the warmest friendship between Frank and Jesse James and Captain Pence. It is no wonder they came to his county when things got "too hot" for them in Missouri and elsewhere.

In 1871 Donnie Pence was persuaded to run for Sheriff of Nelson County, easily winning that office. From that time until his death in 1896 he served his county faithfully, either as its sheriff or as a deputy sheriff. He also worked his 50-acre tract near Samuels' Depot, often visited there by the James boys. In the same area Frank James paid frequent visits to the Sayers family, whose home was several miles from the Pence home and located near Deatsville.



Carl Breihan collection

*Remington cap - and - ball revolver of Jesse James, taken in the Battle of Centralia.*



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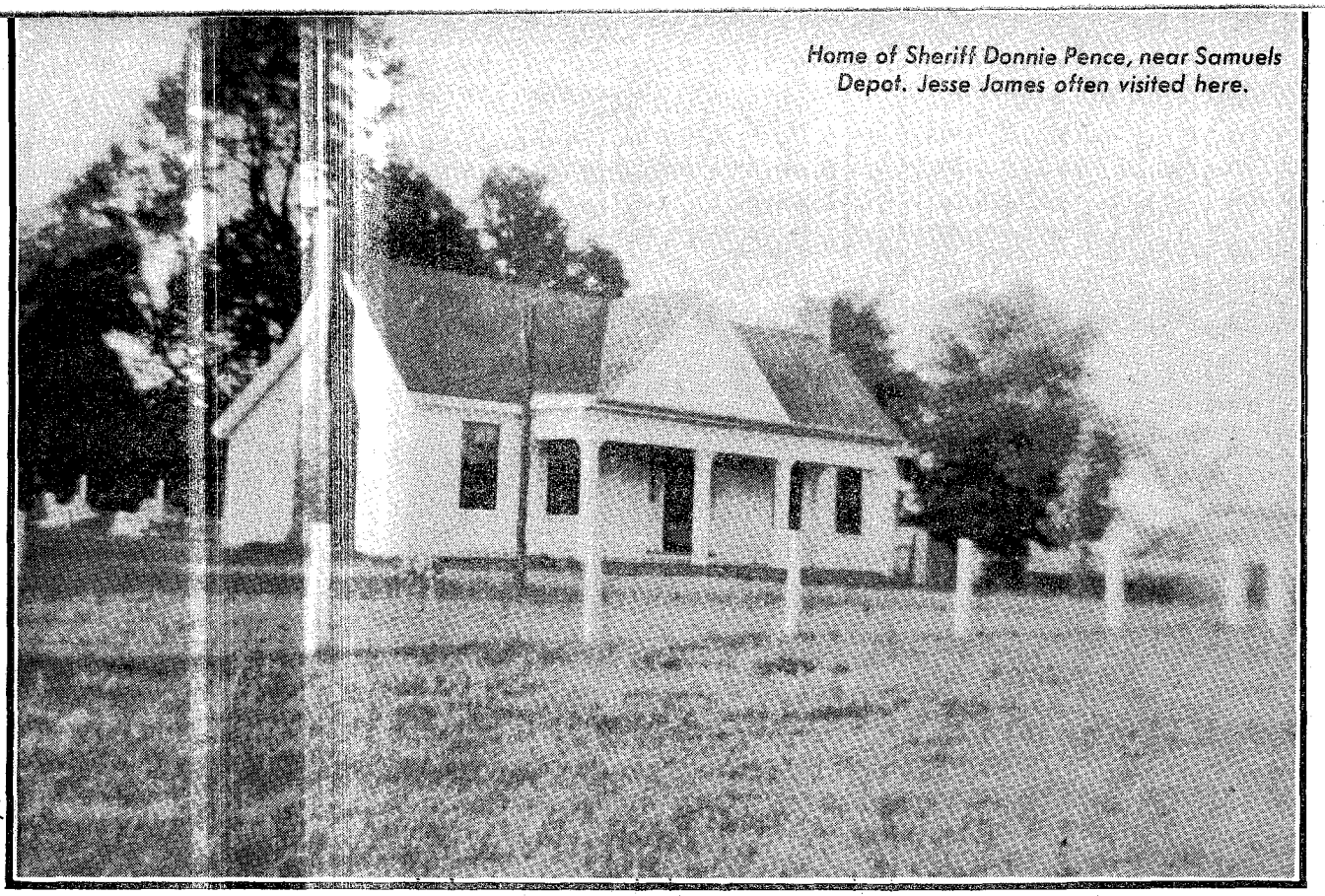


Home of Sheriff Donnie Pence, near Samuels Depot. Jesse James often visited here.

Courtesy Jack Muir

Ben Johnson's father, William Johnson, was Sheriff Pence's attorney, and all three of them went hunting quail on many occasions. The teenage Ben was much impressed with Pence, more so with a hunting friend who was introduced to him as a Mr. Howard. Later on, Pence confided to Ben that his sharp-shooting hunting friend was Jesse James.

It was a few years later when Ben Johnson, now going on 23, again went hunting with Jesse James and Donnie Pence. It was October 18, 1881, and when returning to the Pence home later in the afternoon, Mrs. Pence handed the sheriff a newspaper. Pence read the item referred to and passed the paper on to Jesse James. The article stated that the James boys had robbed a train in Texas. Without further ado, Jesse removed a diamond ring from his finger, walked over to the nearest window, and scratched on the glass: "Jesse James, October 18, 1881."

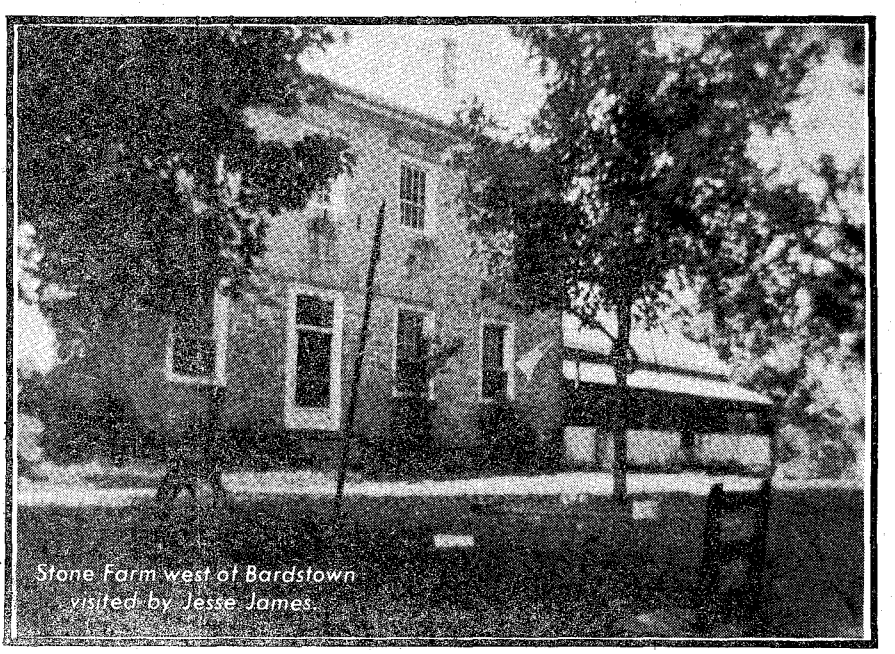
This finished, he turned to Ben Johnson (later a United States Congressman from 1907 to 1927) and said, "I want you and the others to bear witness that I was here today and not in Texas."

Richard S. Brownlee, author of *Gray Ghosts of the Confederacy,* stated that he could find a hundred window panes with the signature of Jesse James thereon. This might well be, but the signatures would not be genuine, while that on the Bardstown pane of glass certainly is. This writer has an original letter of Jesse James, signed "Jesse W. James" and mailed from Medora, Ill., 1880. The handwriting is the same as that on the Pence pane of glass. It might be added that this handwriting is also identical to that in the letter written at St. Joe, 1882, and signed "Thos. Howard."

The Pence home was later sold to G. R. Clemens in 1924 for $6,500.00; later it was sold to A. W. Sherman, who insisted that he be allowed to remove the pane of glass, sash and all, which bore the signature of Jesse James. This was done. In 1969 it was still owned by the Sherman family in Louisville; today it belongs to a party living in Florida.

Detectives Bligh and Hunter were about to give up their vigil when suddenly Bligh looked alert. Pointing to two men walking toward the Ellis Hotel, he exclaimed, "There goes Jesse James now. The man with him is probably Frank!"

"Yes, and two men walking close behind. That's a lot to take on,



Stone Farm west of Bardstown visited by Jesse James.

Courtesy Jack Muir



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Bligh," complained Hunter.

"We've got the element of surprise on our side; besides, be patient, we'll get some local men to assist us."

"Not if they know who you're dealing with, you won't."

"No need to tell them," assured Bligh.

Who the two men with the James boys never was really known. However, at Frank James' trial in 1883, turncoat Dick Liddil stated that he, Clarence Hite, and the two Jameses were in Nelson County about that time. Liddil also stated that in 1881 the James brothers, together with Jim Cummins and Bill Ryan, had visited the area of Bardstown.

At that particular time Donnie Pence and Ben Johnson met near the hotel and engaged in conversation.

"Jesse and Frank are eating at the hotel," Pence told Ben. "Want to visit with them for a little chat?"

"By all means," replied Ben, now thoroughly fascinated by the stories which had been circulated about the famous outlaw brothers. "It'll be a real pleasure talking with Jesse again."

When about 500 feet from the hotel, Pence saw Bligh and Hunter, accompanied by two recruits, emerge from the house they were using as an observation post. Of course, Bligh was well known to the sheriff.

"Ben, we're in trouble. Don't stop or look back, but that's Detective Bligh and a railroad man named Hunter, and two more men near the hotel. They must have learned about Jesse and Frank coming here."

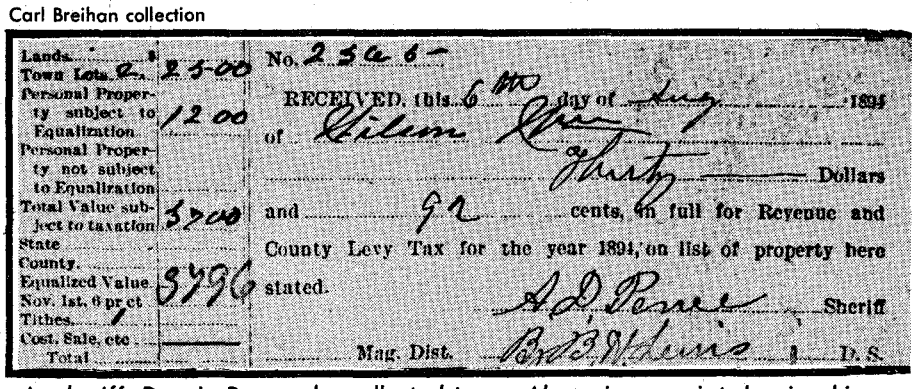
"Well, it seems to me that the only thing you can do is go into the hotel as though you never saw them, or go around to the back and slip in," suggested Ben.

Taking the latter suggestion, Sheriff Pence walked to the rear of the hotel, quietly slipped in through the back door, and then warned the four outlaws in the dining room of the condition of affairs.

Ben Johnson strolled leisurely into the hotel lobby, completely ignoring the two detectives stationed on the sidewalk. As he moved slowly toward the dining room door, Pence came out and told him that the James boys would not slink out the back door like cowards, but would fight if they had to.

"There'll be hell to pay if this

Carl Breihan collection




*As sheriff, Donnie Pence also collected taxes. Above is a receipt showing his signature.*

happens," said Pence. "Ben, this ain't your fight, are you armed?"

"Yes, I am, and if you side with the boys then so will I."

As they were speaking, Bligh, Hunter and the two local men entered the hotel lobby. Pence, from the corner of his eye, recognized the two Bardstown men; they were Bill McAtee and Tom Edson. Bligh and McAtee sauntered toward the north wall of the building; Hunter and Edson edged toward the north wall of the building; Hunter and Edson edged toward the south wall. Pence and Johnson walked to a corner near the dining-room entrance.

While no weapons were displayed, some of the patrons felt an uneasiness in the air, fully expecting the whole area to erupt into a battle ground.

Several minutes elapsed. Suddenly the dining room door opened slowly, a sturdily built, blue-eyed man wearing a felt hat, his arms crossed over his chest, each hand hidden under his coat, walked into the lobby. It was Jesse James! The famous outlaw walked calmly toward the front door where, upon reaching same, he spun around on the ball of his foot, surveying the scene intently, facing the dining room door. Another man walked from the dining room. He was a taller man, lean and awkward, both hands also hidden under his frock coat: Frank James!

The detectives stood as though petrified, not making a move. They realized that to make the slightest suspicious move would bring a hail of lead down upon them.

One of the other outlaws then emerged from the dining room, walked to the front door, stepped out onto the sidewalk and disappeared. He had been instructed to get the horses from the livery stable. Then the last man came out into the lobby. Slowly the trio backed toward the door, no weapons visible. The detectives knew it was folly to try an attack now with Pence and Johnson at their rear. The horses were brought to the front of the hotel, where the outlaws leaped into the saddles, and with a loud Rebel yell, darted off at a fast gallop. During the whole proceedings not a word had been said by either side; not a shot had been fired by either side. What a thrilling experience for young Ben! It was Ben's last meeting with Jesse and Frank James.

There was not much criticism on the actions of the lawmen, probably none at all. People were quick to realize what a dangerous position they had been in. Probably George Hunter put it best when he said this to Ben Johson later on: "I'm a pretty good shot and so's Edson. But if Yankee Bligh had ever shot at anyone in his life, I did not know it. Against us were four outlaws and Donnie Pence, all crack shots, as well as yourself. We would have been caught in a cross fire if we had made a move, so you can see why we did not move a muscle."

At any rate, Yankee Bligh had the opportunity of seeing Jesse James a second time. We wonder how he covered this chapter of his life, if he ever even wrote about it.

Sheriff Pence died of typhoid pneumonia on February 25, 1896, and was buried at Stoner's Chapel burial grounds. Frank James was there, and the funeral was attended by one of the largest gatherings or bereaved friends that ever attended a funeral in Nelson County.

In 1969 the Ellis Hotel was torn down, and the Donnie Pence home was razed by its present owner, Charles S. Hayden, to make room for a larger and more modern home.

Such is progress!? ●RW



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# The Escape From FORT ROBINSON

From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of February 15, 1879

*Flight of the Cheyennes from their prison quarters.*

**From a contemporary news account**

On the 20th of October, 1878 a band of Cheyenne Indians, officially reported as numbering 149, was surrounded in the sand hills of Northwest Nebraska by three companies of the United States Cavalry, during a severe snowstorm, and forced to surrender. They expressed a willingness to remain peaceably at Camp Robinson, or to live with Red Cloud's people, but refused in emphatic terms to return to their reservation in Indian Territory, where they declared they had been starved. On the 19th of December Commissioner Hayt ordered their removal to Fort Leavensworth, Kansas, but on the 8th of January the order was modified so as to provide that all full grown men should be taken to the Dry Tortugas, or St. Augustine, Florida, and the women and children to the agency in the Indian Territory whence they had fled. When the decision was announced they became sullen, then silent. They ceased their demands for the long promised food and clothing. Their sudden quiet excited the suspicions of the army officers, and a heavy guard was placed over their prison quarters.

At about eleven o'clock on the night of January 9, the Indians broke prison and made for the prairie, firing upon the guards as they ran. The noise of the firing aroused the main guard, which with a cavalry force, was immediately sent in pursuit. In the chase, over forty of the Indians were killed by the troops. Subsequently the troops captured or



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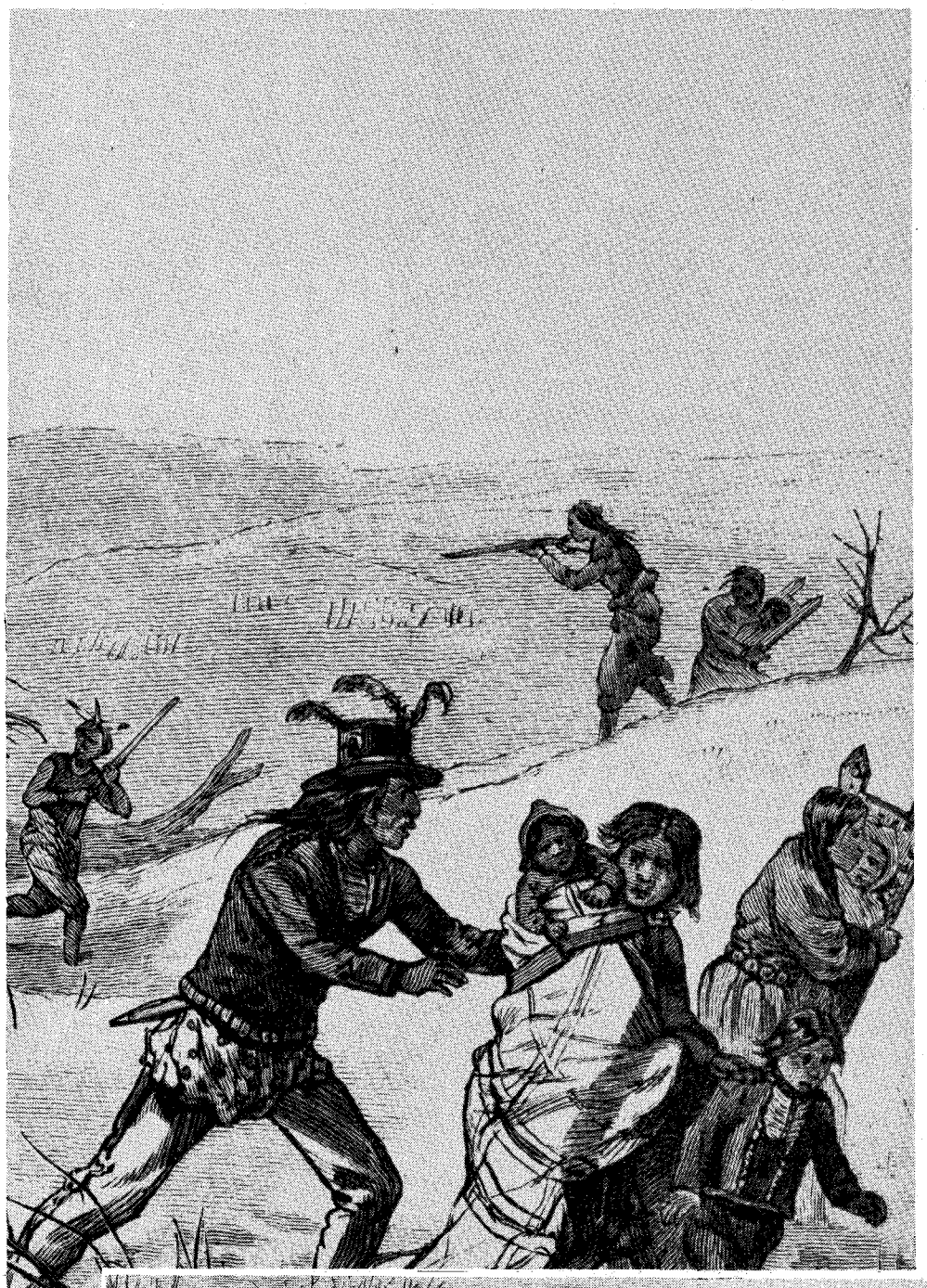
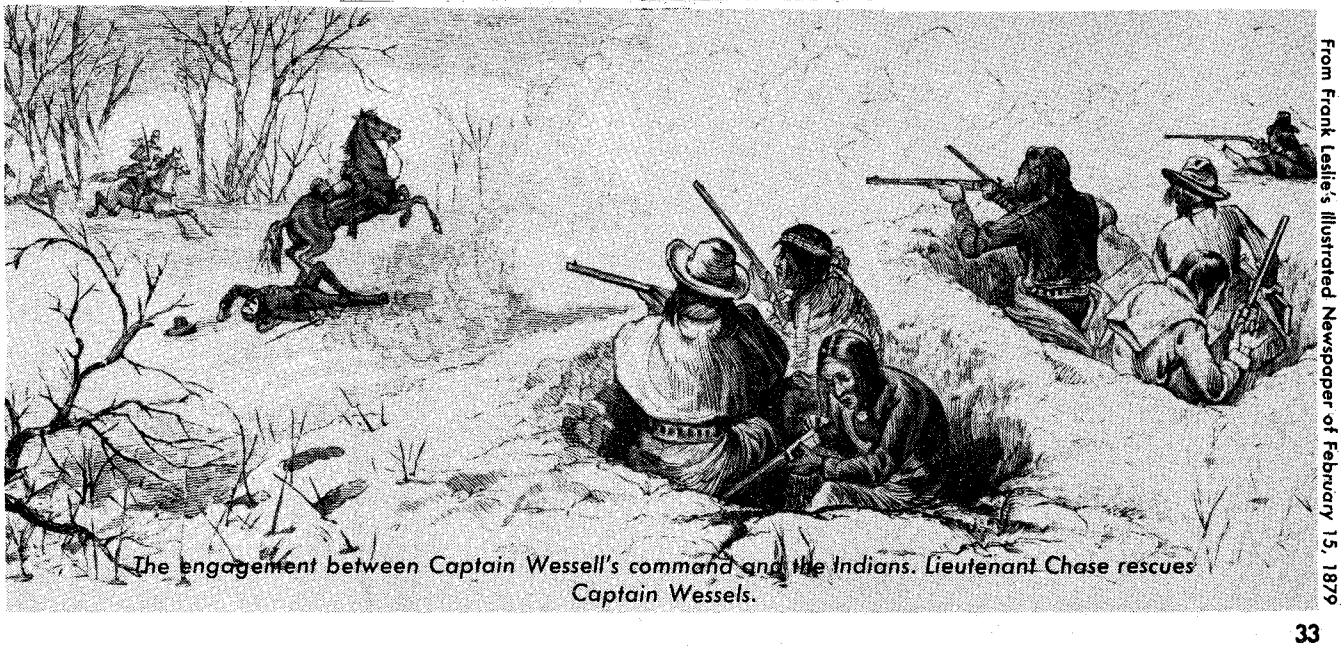


forced to surrender thirty-seven, nearly all the women and children. The remainder made a stand in the bluffs, fortified their position with hastily constructed breastworks, and awaited an attack by the troops. The remainder of the story is a repetition of the oft-told tale. After various expedients had been adopted by the army officers, and the Indians had been driven from one point to another, they were finally caught in a washout only forty-six miles from their prison, surrounded by the soldiers, and after a most heroic and stubborn resistance, during which twenty-three of their number were killed, only nine were left to surrender.

The most intelligible accounts of this disgraceful and cruel affair are derived from Lieutenant Schuyler, who was sent by General Crook to investigate it. He states that many Indians, chiefly squaws, had given in before the outbreak, and only the leading chiefs still held out. Several of them were induced to come out for a talk and were immediately secured, Wild Hog, one of the number, stabbing a soldier during the melee. The Indians inside, learning this, put up blankets at the windows and doors, which the soldiers could only remove at the cost of their lives. The Indians then tore up the floor and constructed rifle-pits underneath, whence they guarded every point. They had fifteen rifles and many revolvers. They guarded every avenue until ready, and then sallied out in a body, shooting down two sentinels and taking their guns.

Since the fight a pit has been found under the prison - house, which was completely carpeted with empty sacks. It is here that the arms were probably hidden, and the question will naturally be asked why was there so incomplete a search, and in view of the fact that it was known that an escape was contemplated, why was there no attempt to



*The engagement between Captain Wessell's command and the Indians. Lieutenant Chase rescues Captain Wessels.*

From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of February 15, 1879



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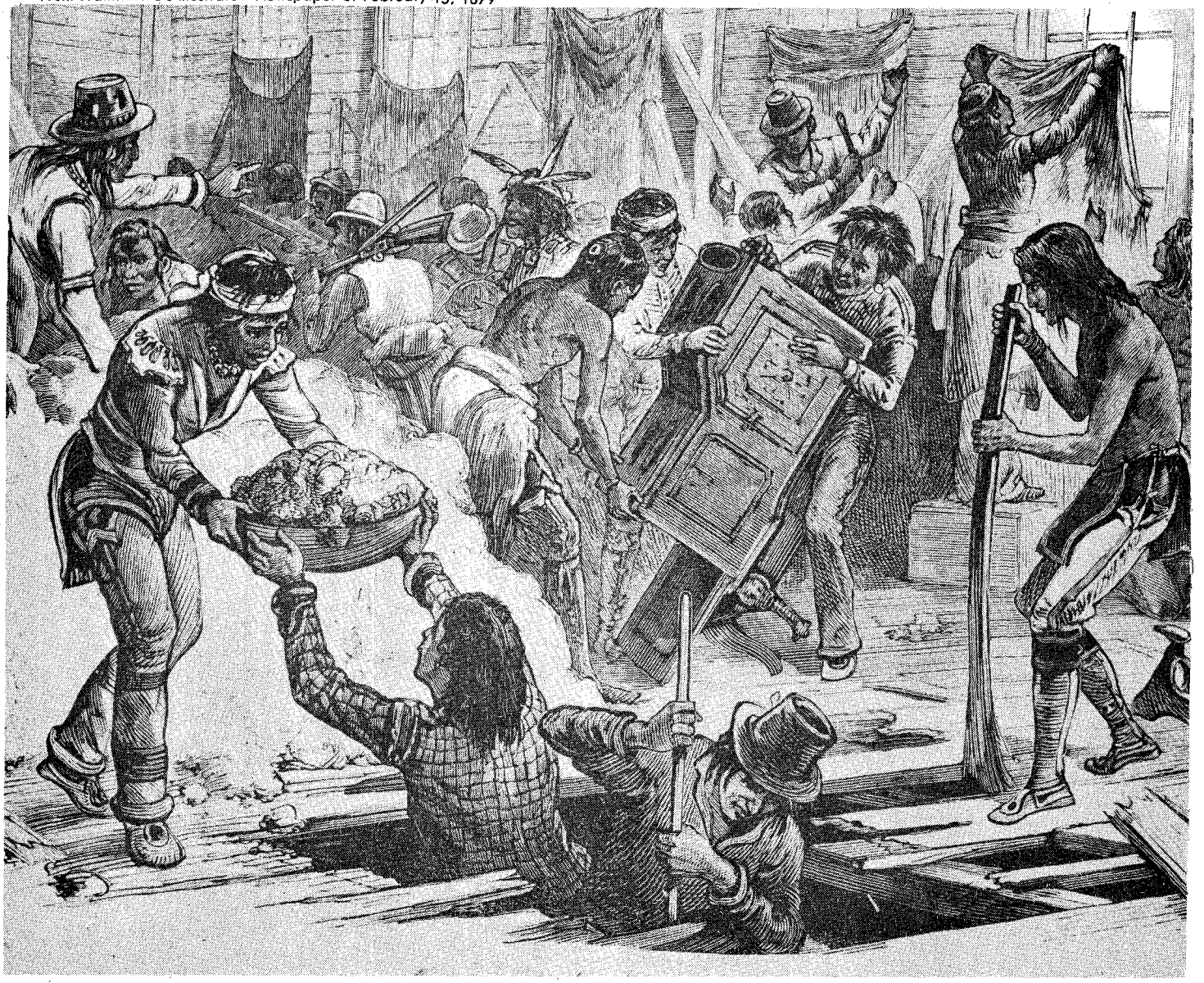
From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of February 15, 1879



*The imprisoned Cheyennes fortifying their temporary quarters at Fort Robinson.*

barricade the prisoners and a stronger guard placed over them?

The cavalry sent out in pursuit, under command of Captain Wessells, struck the fugitives at a point twenty-two miles from camp. The place of defense selected by the Cheyennes was found to be a rifle-pit eight feet long and four feet wide, deep enough for their complete concealment, while near them, in the sloping ground, was an oval hole dug out, with the side hollowed, so they could get in under it and be safe from the range of any shot fired at them. This enabled them to keep up a fusillade with deadly effect at close quarters until completely overwhelmed. During their flight they threw away their blankets, so as not to impede the rapidity of their movements and to be in full Indian fighting trim.

As the troops were exhausted and without supplies they returned to the camp, and the Indians, of course, escaped. In the subsequent engagement, January 22, all four companies were deployed as skirmishers — Company F, Lieutenant Baxter, moving from the south to the northeast side; Company H, Captain Wessells, directly opposite; Company E, Captain Lawson, closed in at the mouth of the ravine where the Indians had intrenched themselves, and Company A moved to the rear, thus hemming them in on all four sides, leaving no possible avenue of escape. The Indians had placed themselves in a deep washout, keeping under cover. As soon as the skirmishers were within 150 yards of the savages' stronghold the latter opened a deadly fire, killing Sergeant Taggart and Privates Brown and Nelson of Company A, and dangerously if not fatally wounding Private Dubois of Company H. Despite the dreadful volley poured into the troops they steadily advanced, and when within seventy - five yards of the savages' postion fire was opened on all sides with terrible effect. At this moment Captain Wessells, leading his company and loudly cheering them forward, received a slight scalp wound from a pistol in the hands of one of the Cheyennes, rendering him completely insensible. Lieutenant Chase, of Company A, seeing the commanding officer fall, rushed forward instantly, seized Captain Wessells and carried him beyond the range of the enemy's fire; then dashing at the head of his own company, he led them to the very edge of the washout, where they fought the enemy with unabated fury. Meanwhile, Wessells having regained consciousness, again came to the front, and seeing the ground strewn with the dead bodies of the savages, implored his men to cease firing, with a view to getting the remaining Cheyennes to surrender, but the Indians stubbornly refused and rushed at the troops with formidable hunting knives, having expended all their ammunition. They seemed determined to surrender to death only, but ere they had advanced many paces a volley was fired by the troops and all was over. ● **RW**



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# THE AMERICAN INDIAN

REAL WEST facts about the Indian and his way of life.

## RACE NAMES AMONG THE INDIANS

By NONO MINOR, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

The American Indian gave many names to the invaders of their land. Some names were given because these strangers arrived in ships, other names were given because of the weapons they carried, and still other by the way they dressed or other accouterments used by these people, but most of the names came from the personal appearance of these newcomers.

The Algonquians had various terms to describe the newcomer; the Arapaho called the white man *niatha*, meaning 'skillful' or 'wise' but the word could also mean 'spider.' Other terms the Arapaho used for these strangers were *nanagakanet* meaning 'white skinned' or *nihanatayeche* which meant 'yellow hide.' Among the Siksika the name used was *napiekwan*, or 'white man.' A general term among the Chippewa was *wayabishkiwad*, or 'one who is white,' and used mostly when referring to the English. The Miami called the white man *wabkeloketa* or 'white skin' and another term was *misha'kiganasiwug*, 'they of the hairy chest.' The Delaware term *woapsit* literally signified 'he is white.' They also used the term *schwonnach* or 'person from the salt of sea.' The Penobscot word *awenoch*, the Abnaki word *awanoch*, and the Narraganset word *awaunagus* were similar and all meant 'white man.' The Pequot - Mohegan and the Passamaquoddy word *wenoch* meant 'somebody coming.'

Words for the white man in the Athapascan languages varied: the Western Dene called most white men *neto* or 'white man,' but they referred to the French as *su-neto* or 'true white man.' The Navajo name for the white man was *belagana*, a corruption of the Spanish word, 'Americano.'

Those tribes speaking the Iroquoian dialect had many names for the invaders. The Cherokee called the white man *yunwunega* from *yunwi* meaning 'person' and *unega* for 'white.' Another Iroquoian name was *asseroni* or 'he who makes axes.' They also used the name *kihnaraken*, 'my skin is white,' when speaking of the white man. The Wyandot used the term tulhaesaga or 'morning light people' for the European, and the name *ashalecoa* had the meaning 'big knife.' To the Huron, most newcomers were called *agnonha* or 'French man.'

The Kiowan - speaking tribes called the new arrivals many names; among them were *bedalpago* or 'hairy mouths' because many of the early settlers had hairy faces or beards. They were also called by the name *ta'-ka-i* or 'ears sticking out' which probably came from the fact the white man's ears showed, while those of the Indian were partly covered by their hair. But this is also the term used for 'mule' or 'donkey.' The Kiowa also called the men who came to their land *hanpogo* or 'trappers' because many of the first men who came to their land were trappers. Another name used by the Kiowa was *ganonko* or 'growlers' because of the rough voices used by these strangers. Other names were *gantonto* or 'capwearers,' and because many of them had light hair they were called *boyonko* or 'blonds.'

Some Americans were referred to as *t'o - ta' - ka - i* or 'cold whites' or 'northern whites,' to distinguish them from the Mexicans to the South. The Texans were called *teha-nego* from the Spanish term, 'Tejano.'

The Kitunahan called the Americans *nutlukene* or 'stranger.' The terms *suyapi* in Kituanai, and *sueapo* in Nez Perce meant 'white man' and were given to the Americans.

The Maidu called the white man *sakini* or 'ghosts, spirits' because of their fair skin. The Shoshonean and Comanche word for the white man was *taivo* meaning 'white man.'

There were many terms for the newcomers in Siouan; the Oto Indians called the white man *mazonkka* or 'iron maker' while the Omaha called them *wahta* or 'makers,' The Dakota called them *washechu*, the Mandan called them *wuashi*, and the Assiniboin referred to them as *wahsheechoon*, all meaning 'white man.' To the Hidatsa they were *maetsihateki* or 'white' (Americans) also *maetsiictia* or 'long or big knife.'

Among the Haida the term for white man was *kelgadaa*, meaning 'man white' or *yets - haidagai*, meaning 'iron people' which was the most general term used.

The Nootka word for white man or European was *mamatlne* which really means 'house adrift on water' which referred to the ships of the new arrivals. The Eskimo called the white man *shakenatanagmeun* or 'people from under the sun.' They were also *called emakhlin*, 'sea men' and *nelluangmeun* or 'unknown people' by the Eskimo.

The Indian gave names to the inhabitants of the English colonies before and after the Revolution to distinguish them from the French and English. The swords carried by the soldiers gave them some of their names. The Chippewa and Nipissing called them *chimo'koman* from *kechimo'koman* meaning 'great knife.' The Cree word *kitchimokkuman* and the Delaware word *m'chonsikan* meant 'big knife' and was given to the Americans. The term 'big knife' was given by the following tribes to the early Americans: in Menominee the term *mo'koman*, in Wyandot the term *saraumigh*, in Shawnee *shemanes*, in Dakota *menahashah*, and in Hidatsa *manceechteet*.

The Siksika term for the American was *omak kistoapikwan* or 'big-knife person.' The Micmac called the American simply *Bostoonkawaach*, while the Nipissing call them *Bastone*, both meaning 'Boston.' The Mohawk Iroquois call the inhabitants of Boston and the United States in general *Wastonronon*. The eastern Dene name is *Bestcorh - o' -tinne* or 'people of the long knives.' The Navajo adopted the names *Pelikano* or *Melikano* from the Spanish Americano.' The Hopi name is *Mellycawno* for the American when in public, but among themselves they use the term *Pahana* or 'eastern water people.' To the Zuni the American was *Melikanakwe*.

The Natick gave the Englishman

*(continued on page 55)*



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# MADAME ANNA sang with a broken heart

By T.W. Paterson

**In 1837, the girl who later became internationally famous as the prima donna, Madame Anna Bishop, thrilled London with her first performance. Thirty-six years after her debut, Madame Anna was still thrilling audiences, but no one knew that this lovely, talented lady was on the verge of tears as she smiled her way through life.**

Provincial Archives, Victoria, B. C.

Men wept unashamedly, women swooned, and young gentlemen about town threw kisses and flowers when Madame Anna Bishop, the toast of three continents, sang. With her wistful "Home, Sweet Home," the heart-rending "My Bud in Heaven," and the carefree "Dashing White Sergeant," Madame Bishop



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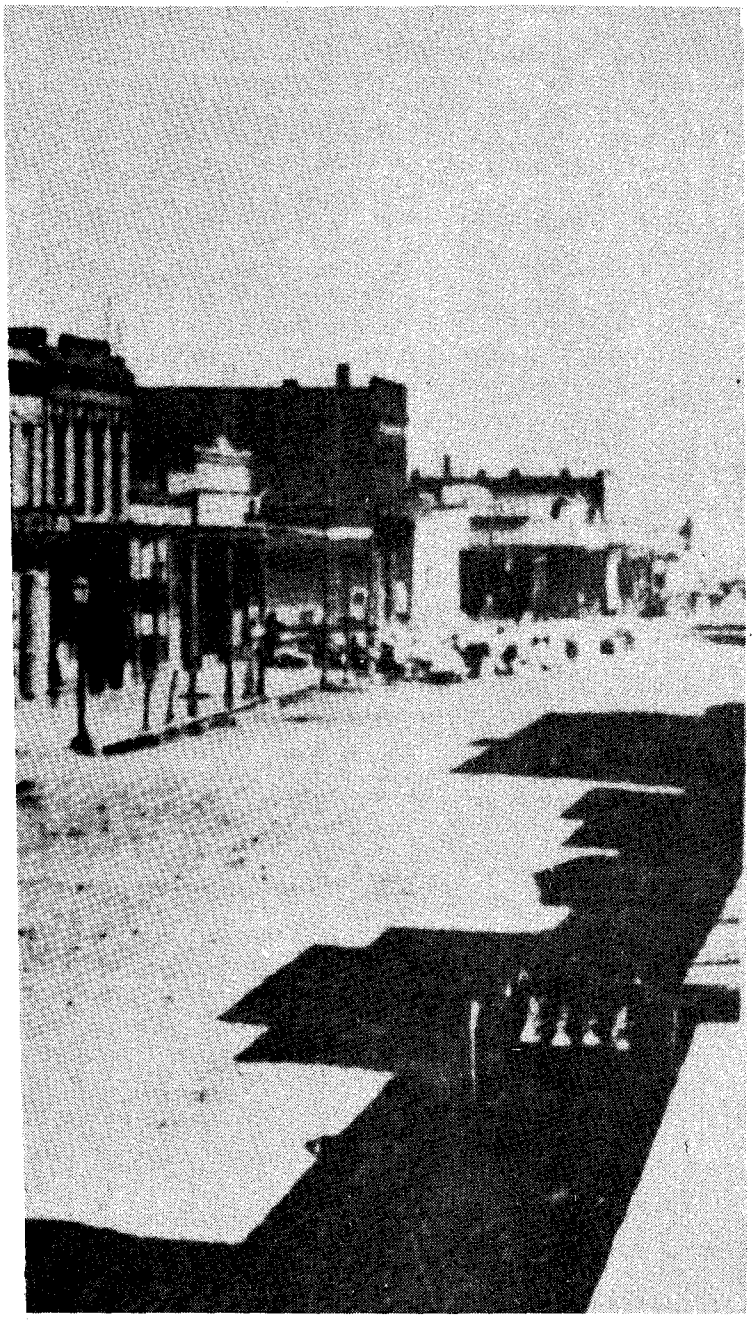
captivated thousands from London to Melbourne to San Francisco for half a century. Honors, fortunes — and tragedy — formed the remarkable career of this remarkable lady, a true prima donna.

When finally the famous lady of song visited Victoria, B.C., in 1873, the old Theatre Royal was packed for 10 glittering nights. Ironically, few of her enthusiastic audience could have realized that anything was amiss; that the great Madame Anna faced them with a broken heart. Her beautiful voice never faltered, her features never for an instant betrayed her secret. Yet Victoria meant the sorrow of a lifetime to the beloved vocalist.

This is the fascinating tragedy which, but for the alert eye of David W. Higgins, pioneer journalist, might have passed unrecorded. Long after the prima donna's death, Mr. Higgins told her sad story which had begun 36 years before her haunted appearance in Victoria.

"In the month of December, 1837," he began, "musical circles of London were excited by the announcement that a new star of the first magnitude had been discovered in the musical firmament and that it was about to dazzle the public eye with beauty and grace and rare accomplishment as a vocalist.



*The Royal Theater, Victoria, British Columbia, right of center. Here Mme. Bishop, the prima donna, sang with a broken heart.*

"It was given out that the lady was very young; that she was a favorite pupil of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Henry Bishop, the famed composer, and that under his auspices and tutelage she would appear. The place selected for the debut of the talented young lady was Covent Garden Theater, and when the evening arrived the reader may be sure that the building was thronged by an eager and expectant audience. All the curled darlings, the gilded youths and the belles of London society were there.

"Royalty, no doubt, honored the performance with its presence and the brilliant scintillations from a thousand gas jets, the display of rich and lovely gowns, and the glitter of costly diamonds must have captivated the senses and dazzled the eys of those who were so fortunate as to gain admittance.

"The new prima donna had scarcely sung a dozen lines of the score before the audience was entranced, and as the sweet notes died away and the timid, trembling debutante, all aglow with pleasure and excitement and a sense that she had achieved a great triumph, advanced to receive the ovation of the vast assemblage of men and women (who) rose to their feet, waved their handkerchiefs, and cheered in approval, while bouquets composed of the choicest flowers rained about her from all parts of the house."

The lovely singer was an instant success, "her animated style, her sweet and youthful face and her bashful manner, combined with her musical power and range," making her a national idol.

Men with titles threw themselves at her feet, the doors "of the best society were thrown open," audiences showered her with applause and bouquets. One enthusiastic crowd even unhitched her team and pulled her carriage all the way home from the theater.

But all would-be suitors met with defeat, for Anna's heart had been won by her tutor, Henry Bishop. Although 30 years her senior and "by no means a handsome man ... noted for his irritability and extravagant habits," the famous composer had courted and conquered his "young and impressionable" protege. Throughout England, eligible bachelors mourned her unlikely choice. Few considered the match a "love one," and all predicted disaster. Sadly, they were to prove prophetic.

The couple's troubles began soon after the ceremony. Bishop was "set in the ways and habits he had acquired while leading a butterfly existence. His wife, who was young, ardent and impulsive, had no idea of adapting herself to the tastes of her husband. She liked young company, while Mr. Bishop's tastes led him into older society. His wife had views and aspirations with which he had no sympathy."

In due course, Mme. Bishop gave birth to a daughter, and "for a time the joys of motherhood absorbed" her attentions. But not for long. Even knighthood failed to slow her reckless husband, who, between compositions and teaching at the University of Edinburgh, squandered the large fortune she had earned on stage.

More years "passed in inharmony," continued Mr. Higgins, "when there joined the company of which Lady Bishop was the prima donna an elderly Hungarian harpist named Bocksha (I am not sure that this name is correctly spelled, but it was pronounced "Boxer"). The two were thrown much together. Bocksha was older than Bishop. He was at least 60 years of age. His long, white hair, brushed from his forehead, fell in graceful folds upon his shoulders and imparted a picturesque and a classical appearance to his intellectual features. He was the greatest performer on the harp of his day — perhaps the best."

*(continued on page 56)*



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**His Kiowa name was Satank and he was called Sitting Bear by his white enemies but a newspaperman who met this Kiowa chief said he looked like a demon from the lowest depths of hell. When he was captured by General Sherman's troops, he defied his captors and did things his own way at the time of his choice!**

# DEATH OF A DEMON

By Norman B. Wiltsey

Satank, or Sitting Bear, a chief of the Kiowa tribe, hardly looked the part of a noble warrior. Short, skinny and old, his appearance was remarkable only for his drooping Mongol-type mustache and for the oddly fierce look of his eyes. For some weird reason known only to himself, Satank had pulled out all his eyelashes and painted the edges of his eyelids with vermilion. The baleful effect was particularly startling to white men seeing the chief for the first time. One newspaperman from the New York Herald reported: "Today I have seen the Kiowa chief called Sitting Bear in English. He is the closest thing to a demon from the lowest depths of Hell that I ever expect to gaze upon, the very personification of evil!"

Among his own tribesmen, Satank was feared and respected. Many believed that he could throw up a knife from his belly whenever he needed it. Head man of the small, select warrior society, the *Kaitsenko,* the old warrior's bravery was already legendary. He and his comrades were pledged to lead every charge in battle until victory or death. In addition, Satank had sworn to kill himself if captured by the hated white soldiers. The fateful moment for him to fulfill or deny his vow inevitably arrived in May of 1871.

Fed up with the raiding and continual hell - raising of the wild Kiowas, which featured capturing white settlers for ransom by the Army, General William T. Sherman arrived at Fort Sill in Indian Territory on May 23 to see what could be done about the rapidly deteriorating situation. He was particularly incensed at the latest reported atrocity attributed to the Kiowas: a raid upon a wagon train loaded with grain for the Government, near Salt Creek in West Texas. Five civilians died horribly in this raid and General Sherman was determined to put an end to the atrocities, once and for all.

The Kiowas had come in to the Agency at Fort Sill for rations, and Sherman requested Agent Lawrie "Bald Head" Tatum to question the arrogant chiefs about the recent raid in Texas. Chief Satanta acted as spokesman for the Kiowas.

Far from being repentant, Satanta boasted that he, personally, had led the Salt Creek raid: "I had heard that you had stolen a large portion of our annuity goods and given them to the Texans. I have repeatedly asked you for arms and ammunition, which you have not furnished, and made other requests which have not been granted. You do not listen to my talk. The white people are preparing to build a railroad through our country, which will not be permitted. When General Custer was here two or three years ago, he arrested me and kept me in confinement several days. But arresting Indians is played out now and is never to be repeated. Yes, I led that raid into Texas and I intend to lead other raids there. I have sold many white captives to the Army in the past and I certainly do not expect to stop doing so now. What do you have to say to *that?*"

Tatum informed the swaggering Kiowa leader that he had nothing to say about it, but that the great soldier - chief, General Sherman himself, was at the post, and *he* would have plenty to say about it!

Unimpressed, Satanta casually agreed to bring his fellow chiefs and powwow with Sherman. Tatum hurried to the C. O. 's quarters with the chief's message.

The red-bearded General smiled thinly when told of Satanta's defiant words. "I have met such braggart hostiles before. I know how to deal with them. The real dangerous Indians say nothing until they strike."

Sherman set up preparations to receive the Kiowas in the event of trouble, placing his cavalry out of sight inside the corral and placing a number of troopers behind the closed shutters of the rooms facing the porch of the C.O.'s quarters.

Again Satanta officiated as spokesman for his tribesmen. He still bragged that he had led the recent raid into Texas, but now, facing the formidable soldier - Chief Redbeard, he appeared less cocky and sure of himself. Through an interpreter, Sherman sharply questioned all the Kiowa chiefs when Satanta had finished his story. Then, after taking a quick turn around the long porch, the General announced his decision: Satanta, Satank and Big Tree would be arrested, sent to Texas, and there tried for murder. The other Kiowas would be set free "on probation" for one year. For any subsequent raid they, too, would be arrested and tried for their crimes.

Santanta reacted violently to Redbeard's arbitrary dictum. "I would rather be shot right here!", he yelled, reaching for a hidden revolver.

Sherman rapped out an order. The house shutters flew open and the Kiowas found themselves covered by the leveled carbines of the troopers stationed within.

"Don't shoot!" cried Satanta, raising his arms in surrender.

A bugle blared and the cavalry poured out of the corral to block all exits from the post. The Kiowas were neatly trapped.

Infuriated, Lone Wolf cocked his rifle and aimed it at General Sherman. Col. N. B. Grierson seized Lone Wolf from behind and wrestled him down on the porch, wrenching the rifle from his grasp.



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*Satank or Sitting Bear. Satank was feared and respected among his tribesmen, the Kiowas.*



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National Archives

*Chief Satanta acted as spokesman for the Kiowas at Fort Sill.*

Stumbling Bear notched an arrow to his bow and waited for Sherman, pacing the porch, to walk within range. A warrior seized the Bear's arm and the arrow missed its mark.

Sherman ended the ruckus by ordering his troopers in the house to lower their guns. The interpreter repeated Redbeard's declaration that Satanta, Satank and Big Tree would be arrested and taken to Texas to stand trial for murder. This time he added that the Kiowas must hand over 41 mules to replace those captured in the raid. The three chiefs were handcuffed and fettered and placed in the guardhouse; the other Indians were issued rations as if nothing had happened and were allowed to leave the post.

At dawn, Big Tree and Satanta meekly took their places in a wagon for the long ride to Texas and the noose that certainly awaited them there. But old Satank was suddenly full of fight. After biting one soldier and striking another with his handcuffed hands, he was hoisted bodily into a wagon. Two soldiers were assigned to guard him.

As the wagons left the post, Satank called out to a Caddo Indian, named George Washington by the troopers: "Tell my people I am dead. I died the first day out from the fort. They will find my bones beside the trail after the wolves have stripped them of my flesh. Tell them to bury what is left of their chief in a deep hole so that the white men may never defile them."

The Caddo signed "It shall be done."

A mile from the post, Satank began to sing the death song of his warrior society:

*O Sun, you remain forever, but we*
*Kaitsenko must die.*
*O Earth, you remain forever, but we*
*Kaitsenko must die.*

A guard from the driver's seat of the wagon turned and barked, "What the hell are you howling about? Shut up, you damned old fool, or I'll blow your head off."

Satank looked him straight in the eyes with his unwinking, basilisk stare and sang louder than before.

The guard turned his face again to the front, muttering to his comrade, "That old devil gives me the creeps. We ought to shoot him here instead of lugging his ugly carcass all the way to Texas."

His companion chuckled sardonically. "Hell, Mike, you know



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how it goes here on the frontier. If the military suspects an Indian of committing a crime, they catch him — if they can, which ain't often — then they give him a fair trial — and take him out and hang him!"

Silently, carefully, Satank slipped his thin bony hands out of the loose-fitting handcuffs. He had been thoroughly searched at his arrest with no sign of a weapon anywhere on his person, yet now he produced his "magic knife" and hurled himself at the guards, slashing one of them in the leg. Both troopers, shocked at the sudden unexpected attack, jumped out of the wagon, leaving their carbines behind. Satank snatched up a carbine and leveled it at the soldier who had threatened to shoot him. The weapon misfired, and before the chief could eject the faulty cartridge and lever another round into the chamber, the troopers riding beside the wagon opened fire. One of the teamsters was hit in the shoulder by a slug, and Satank was hit twice in the chest. The chief tried to keep his feet while fumbling with the carbine, but fell over the side of the wagon to the ground.

An officer yelled "Halt!" and the train came to a stop. Soldiers and Tonkawa scouts watched in fascinated silence as Satank fought grimly to stand and fight, and failed. He managed to sit up, and remained in that position, gasping and bleeding from the lungs and glaring defiance at his captors until he fell over dead.

A Tonkawa scout moved quickly to scalp the slain Kiowa, but Colonel Mackenzie, leading the train, ordered him away. "He was a brave man," declared the Colonel. "Let him lie in peace until some of his people come for his body."

But the Kiowas, for reasons known only to themselves and never disclosed, did not claim Satank's corpse. A detail of soldiers was finally sent out from Fort Sill to pick it up, and he was buried in the post cemetery. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCE:

*Warpath and Council Fire,* by Stanley Vestal, Random House, NYC, 1948.

Lone Wolf

Smithsonian Institution



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# OVER THE ROCKIES

By Thomas A. Frazier

**In 1836, Narcissa Prentiss Whitman, with her husband, Dr. Marcus Whitman, and another couple, set out for Oregon to bring religion to the Indians. Oregon was a raw and savage land in those years and the Indians did not wish to give up their own beliefs. What followed was inevitable.**

Every generation has its share of unsung heroes — or heroines — that unknown group of characters who in every way qualified for the headlines and the specific mention in the history books, but who never quite made it because of circumstances or because their achievements lacked the sensationalism demanded by fame. And yet their accomplishments were solid and valuable and contributed greatly. Such is the category in which is placed Narcissa Prentiss Whitman, one of the first women to cross over the forbidding Rocky Mountains.

Narcissa was born in Amity, New York into a comparatively well - to - do family, her father being a judge. She was well educated, according to the times, and by existing accounts was blonde, beautiful and high spirited. Now such a combination in any generation would produce a striking character, all other things being equal. Her beauty would induce confidence; her intelligence plus high spirits would combine to form a personality that demanded action. Ambition is not the right word, for Narcissa desired neither fame nor wealth, but she did want, or her character demanded, that she DO something with her life, something meaningful. Alas, in the early 1800's a woman's role in life was very limited. The religious spirit permeating society at the time took very literally St. Paul's dour statement that "woman shall be subject unto man." Women did not vote, of course, and property rights for females were unheard of; females could anticipate only a subordinate role as wife and mother, deferring to their husband's decisions, and symbolically retiring as the men gathered after dinner for brandy and cigars.

There was, however, one outlet, one area in which women were welcome: missionary work for the Church. There were, visiting preachers would say with a sad shake of the head, thousands of benighted savages out West eagerly awaiting someone to bring them the Gospel. They painted a picture of a myriad of Indians just pining away for baptism. This, of course, was exaggerated — in good faith, no doubt, but exaggerated. There was only one isolated instance of Indians actually requesting missionaries (in 1831), and that was due to the unusually liberal attitude of Chief Victor of the Flatheads, who, with his successor, Chief Charlot, actually liked the whites.

In 1834 a Doctor Samuel Parker came to New York State to recruit workers for the Indian missions. Narcissa listened raptly and decided on her life's work: save the Indians. She wrote to Dr. Parker and asked if unmarried women were acceptable. He, in turn, asked the Mission Board, which, in tune with the times, decided that only married women could qualify. Can we assume that from that moment Narcissa, in order to achieve her objective, was on the lookout for a husband? Most women of that age were anyway. An old maid was looked at askance.

Fairly soon, as if ordained by the Lord, a prospective husband appeared in the person of Doctor Marcus Whitman, a physician who was also fired with a desire to evangelize the savage. Courtship must have been short but effective as Narcissa agreed to be his bride.

A missionary life among the Indians must have been regarded as a lifetime exile, a sort of living death from which there was no return, because the one word to describe the wedding which followed is "sombre." The bride was dressed in black, as were all her female relatives. All of the guests wept unrestrainedly throughout the ceremony. Narcissa alone was dry-eyed.

Joining them on their journey to the land of the Indians was another missionary couple, Henry and Eliza Spalding. Strangely enough, Henry was a rejected suitor of Narcissa's of some years previous, and he evidently never recovered from his disappointment, although he had been married to Eliza for two years. He was extremely sensitive over the fact that he was an illegitimate child who had been abandoned by his mother, and no doubt ascribed Narcissa's refusal to this circumstance, Prior to their leaving he made several bitter remarks about Narcissa, some of which reached her ears. She made Christian allowances, and it must be admitted that on his part he was a faithful and devoted husband to Eliza.

It was in the year 1836 that the two couples joined a fur caravan for the faraway land of Oregon. The trappers and traders who made up the wagon train were far from welcoming missionaries. They were hard - drinking, free - cursing, rough, atheistic men with no patience for being annoyed with temperance pledges and prayer meetings. Breaking the Sabbath was a regular thing with them, and the missionaries were given to understand that no delays of any kind for any reason would be tolerated. The women were given a tip of the hat and other gestures of gallantry, but that's all they were: gestures. The wagon train must move forward and the women, sick or well, must move with it or drop out.

Henry's wife, Eliza, had just recently recovered from a stillbirth, and the jolting of the wagon was agony for her, as was the uncomfortable side saddle on a horse. At a time when modern women would be confined to bed, she barely endured the daily grind and rested nightly on the hard ground. Unfortunately, buffalo meat formed a large part of the train's diet, and Eliza could not bear it, being deathly sick almost each time she partook. She was cared for by Dr. Whitman most of the journey.



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Narcissa, on the other hand, enjoyed good health all the way. She had become pregnant on the journey, but had no ill effects. In addition, she actually enjoyed buffalo meat. Bearing in mind that Narcissa and Eliza were "gentle-bred" women, accustomed to daily ablutions, it must have been a particular hardship not to be able to bathe regularly, especially on the Oregon Trail, famous (or infamous) for its dust which at times obscured the view except for a few yards ahead.

Dr. Whitman was made grudgingly welcome by the furtraders, for it was unusual and lucky for a train to have a doctor. Most trains did not, and because of this, many a needless grave marks the way to the West.

Although cholera and death in other forms did not harry the Whitman train, six slow, slogging months on the trail were not easy, with windstorms, hailstorms, insects, dust, threat of Indians, the deadly sameness of diet, the numbing monotony of the landscape. And Eliza was in ill health and Narcissa was pregnant. Another hardship for the women was the close company of dirty, drinking, cursing, irreligious men. Eternal salvation to the missionaries was an objective to be worked for daily in every way, and the hedonistic behavior of the other members of the train saddened and upset them. It made them doubt, at times, their effectiveness as instruments of the Lord.

After a journey that had seemed interminable, the Whitmans and the Spaldings finally reached the Hudson's Bay Post on the Columbia River. A few weeks rest at the Post must have seemed, by comparison, the height of luxury, and common travelers would, no doubt, have stayed longer, but the missionaries were consumed with a heavenly fire — a Divine mission — and after this short stay moved to their mission locations: Narcissa and Dr. Marcus to Waiilatpu to minister to the mercurial and treacherous Cayuses; and Henry and Eliza 120 miles away, among the more intelligent Nez Perces.

Narcissa and Marcus were faced with a most difficult task: to convince a people with a thousand years of a particular culture behind them that their way of life was largely wrong. Not only wrong, but dangerous to their immortal souls. These Indians were told that their life style imperilled them for eternity. The missionaries frowned upon their dances, their rattles and drums, their celebrations. Their ancient customs were to be done away with and the white man's hymns and prayers substituted therefore. Honored beliefs and superstitions were to be swept away. The Sabbath was sacred — no fishing, no hunting, no jollity. This preaching upset the Indians. They were frightened, they were angry. No one likes to know that he is hurtling full tilt to destruction. Conversions were slow and far between, and resentment smoldered. The Protestant missionary was inflexible and demanded a full change of heart and a full acceptance of the dour spirit of religion inherited from the Puritans. (Catholic missionaries were more lenient, leaving most of the Indian customs untouched, regarding them as social, not pagan rites. Jesuits were especially noted for adapting Indian customs into the Christian religion.)

Narcissa's first and only child, Alice Clarissa, was born on her mother's twenty-ninth birthday in the mud hut in which they lived. Eight months later, and 120 miles away, Eliza gave birth to a girl. Both children fascinated the Indians and they would often hold them, leaving, we are told, fleas and lice on their clothing.

The arrival of the children was a blessing, for company was few and far between, and mail was almost nonexistent. Narcissa did not receive a letter from home until two years and five months after leaving.

The loneliness was assuaged somewhat by the arrival of eight newly married couples who had dedicated themselves to the mission field. The enjoyment of their company was shattered by the unexpected death of little two-year-old Alice Clarissa. She had wandered off and drowned in the river. It was a severe blow for Narcissa, but with her strong sense of mission and duty she subdued her grief, kept it well inside her as she continued with what she was convinced was the Lord's work. She never had another child, but compensated by Adopting ten: three half-breeds and seven emigrant orphans. On these she lavished the love she had stored up for Alice Clarissa.

Although only in her middle thirties, Narcissa by now was suffering from what was evidently an ovarian cyst and heart trouble. The hard life had taken its toll, as it had on so many other emigrant women. She was also extremely nearsighted, something that would have been easily corrected by glasses she would never have.

Marcus, around this time, made a trip east to save the mission, which the Board was thinking of abandoning. While there he visited and spoke to Horace Greeley, and it is said that he also had interviews with the President and the Secretary of War. He also personally persuaded many families to emigrate to Oregon, and was no doubt responsible for the momentum given the famous trek of 1843, a sizable company. As a result of his efforts and the publicity given Oregon, the Whitman home at the mission became a way station for emigrants, ministered to by Narcissa who accepted the extra work as a task for the Lord. By this time she was broken in health and did not resemble the vivacious blonde beauty who had arrived years before.

With the arrival of more emigrants, trouble with the Indians appeared. Minor incidents occurred — minor, but significant. One night while Marcus was absent, Narcissa's bedroom was forcibly entered by an Indian; this frightened her tremendously. Their mill was burned. Horses were turned into the potato field. Marcus, with true Christian meekness, submitted to an ear-pulling and chest-thumping by an Indian.

To make matters worse, in the winter of 1847 there was a raging measles epidemic to which a great many Indians succumbed, not possessing the immunity of the whites. Marcus did his best, but could not control the number of fatalities. A great fear took hold of the Indians. Marcus was a doctor (to the Indians a "medicine man") and it was simple Indian logic to kill the medicine man who could not cure. He must be at fault.

Marcus had returned from tending the sick and was sitting in his cabin, reading. There were, as usual, many Indians present. One sat down beside him, asking for medicine, while behind him another took a tomahawk from his blanket and delivered two crushing blows to Marcus' head. The blows did not kill him, so another Indian (a candidate for baptism) cut his throat. Remarkably, Marcus did not die until nightfall. The cabin was now filled with Indians, shooting and cutting at random. Narcissa was

*(continued on page 57)*



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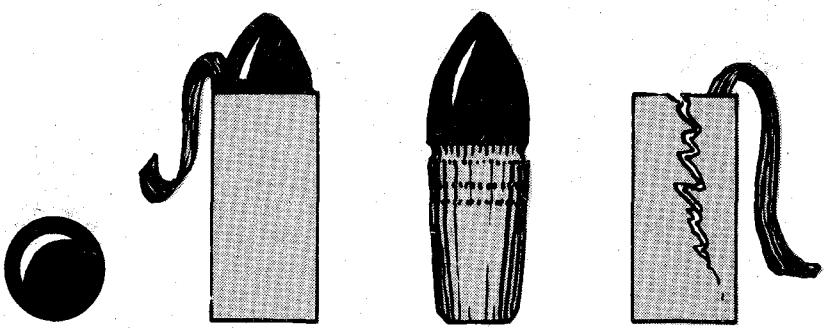
# GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



.44 BALL, ENGLISH ELEY SKIN CARTRIDGE
WITH REMOVABLE OUTER CASE

A class of firearm which is largely ignored by American historians, but was popular with several well-known frontiersmen, is the percussion revolver of British manufacture. Wild Bill Hickok was only one of many who used these excellent arms to good advantage.

Also long neglected by American gun collectors, these revolvers are finding acceptance as their important place in history becomes better recognized.

The group under discussion were of various makes and were not exclusively of English manufacture. Fine ones were made in Ireland and other parts of the British Isles. Such companies as Deane, Adams & Deane; Lang; Rigby; T.R. Cooper of Birmingham; Tranter; Philip Webley and others were noted for the quality and efficiency of their products. Many were exported to the United States and to the Canadian Northwest.

These British firms were inspired by the success of Samuel Colt, who also had a manufacturing plant in London for a few years. However, British makers actually surpassed the Colt revolver of the 1850's and 60's in several mechanical aspects. They almost universally adopted the top strap and solid frame construction before Colt did. This had the advantage of greater strength and rigidity, as well as providing a better placement of the rear sight. It was not until the advent of the metallic - cartridge breech - loaders that Colt's larger military revolvers got away completely from a rear - sight notch in the nose of the hammer, visible only when the arm was cocked.

On the other hand, Colt's construction without a top strap was said to have one distinct advantage. Fragments of the fired caps were thought to be less likely to remain at the rear of the cylinder and jam it so it could not revolve. Many of today's shooters, in the present rebirth of black - powder shooting, still hold to that opinion.

The most important advance made by the British manufacturers was their wider use of the double - action principle. At a period when the majority of American revolvers were still single-action (having to be cocked manually for each shot), English makers, particularly, had adopted the double - action, self-cocking mechanism almost completely.

Both of these advanced features were seen in the Adams percussion revolver, which is representative of the type and period.

The popular Adams was made by the firm of Deane, Adams and Deane, of 30 King William Street in London. From 1851 to 1856, three models were made. A big Dragoon revolver was of .50 caliber with an eight-inch barrel. A Navy model was .44 caliber with



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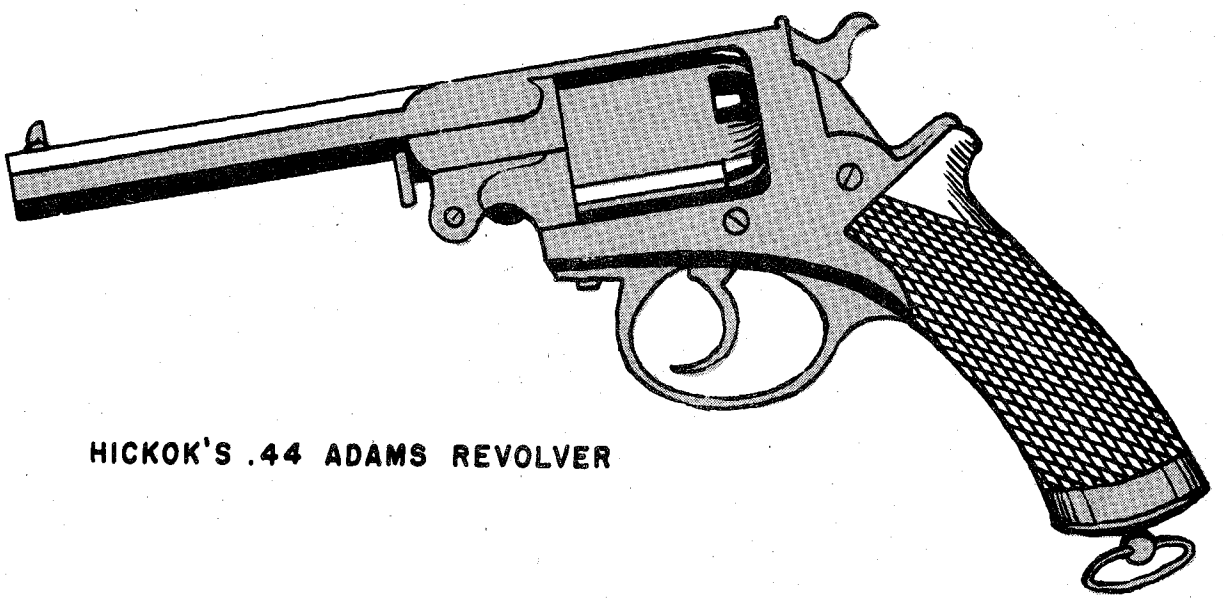
# BRITISH PERCUSSION REVOLVERS IN THE WEST



HICKOK'S .44 ADAMS REVOLVER

Sketched by author

barrel averaging around six inches. Smallest was their Pocket model with a four - and - a - half - inch barrel of .32 caliber. Deane, Adams and Deane dissolved in 1856. They were succeeded by John Deane & Son, who manufactured the Deane - Harding percussion revolver — another good one.

In his earlier years, Bill Hickok favored an English Adams revolver of the second model listed. Contrary to the American practice of terming any .36 as the "Navy" caliber, this Adams Navy model was a .44 percussion revolver holding five shots. With its solid frame, strap over the cylinder, and its double - action feature, it was very fast-handling. It was capable of using all the black powder the chambers would hold, without "shooting loose," and the heavy .44 caliber lead balls were of the maximum revolver size in general use on the frontier.

Like some other English Percussion revolvers, the Adams was less convenient to reload than the Colts and Remingtons with their long loading levers. But this did not bother the gun artist who deliberately set out to establish a reputation for "one bullet to a customer". If Hickok's psychology by this tactic was to induce nervousness in an adversary, he certainly succeeded. Whatever else history reveals about Wild Bill, no one disputes that he was a peerless gunfighter — and one who figured every angle when action was imminent.

It has been fairly well established that Hickok still carried this Adams revolver in 1869, when he arrived in Hays city, Kansas. Hays was a rough town, and Bill was soon elected to the dual post of sheriff and town marshal. He probably wore it the day he killed Jack Strawhan. Strawhan was a local tough who had sworn to get Hickok.

Strawhan entered a saloon, searching for Wild Bill. The marshal saw him but made no move. Believing he was not noticed, Strawhan pulled his gun. Before it could be leveled, Bill's double - action flicked out and roared. It was over in a matter of seconds.

Hickok later graduated to a matched pair of Colt .36 revolvers with carved ivory grips, presented to him by the Kansas Pacific Railroad. But we wonder if he did not sometimes miss the faster action of his plain old Adams.

Hickok's English Adams revolver is now on display by the Kansas State Historical Society.

Wild Bill, the "prince of pistoleers," was just one of the frontiersmen who used British firearms. Another one was Ben Thompson, whose custom-made English shotgun (loaded with double - ought buckshot) was always within reach.



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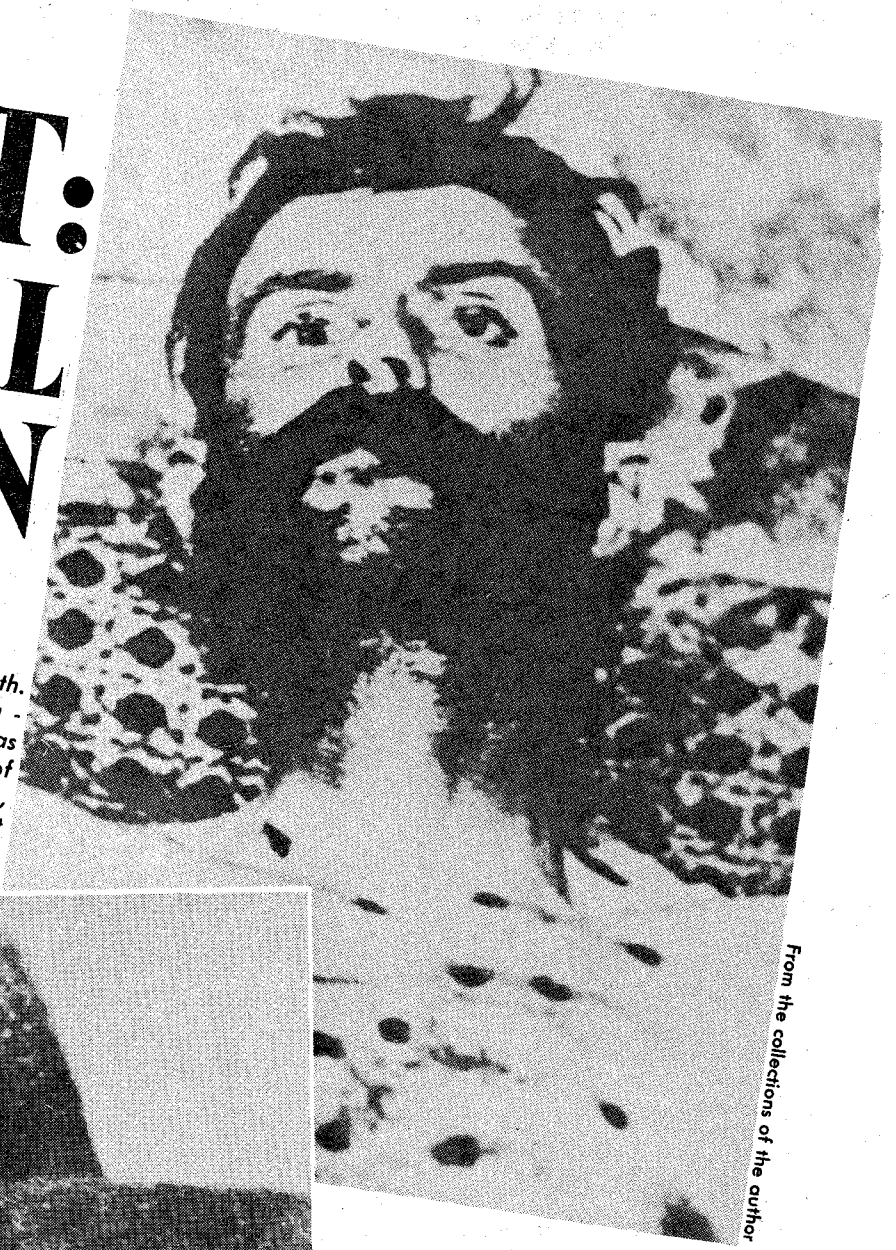
# EXIT: BILL DOOLIN



Bill Doolin in death. Leader of the Doolin - Dalton gang, he was shot with a load of buckshot near Lawson, Oklahoma on August 25, 1896.

From the collections of the author

# AND BILL DALTON

By Carl W. Breihan

From the collections of the author

Bill Dalton, Ill-fated brother of the outlaws, himself became an outlaw and was killed by lawmen.



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**When the posse found Bill Dalton on the Texas farm in 1894, the action was quick and final. Bill Doolin, who most said was a sight smarter than Dalton, was more successful when he formed his gang. In fact, Doolin was successful until 1896, when his career ended the hard way.**

It was October 5, 1892, and the abortive raid on the two banks at Coffeyville, Kansas by the Dalton gang had all but totally destroyed the outlaws. Bill Powers, Bob Dalton, Grat Dalton, and Dick Broadwell had been killed, and Emmett Dalton was badly wounded. Only one man remained of the ill-fated gang. That was wily Bill Doolin, the outlaw who was too smart to attempt a double bank raid at the same time.

Louis and Adeline Dalton, the parents of the outlaw brothers had requested their sons to be buried in the Coffeyville Cemetery. This request was refused and they were buried in Potter's Field on the outskirts of town.

The real tragedy of it all was that Bill Dalton, then serving in the California State Legislature, was compelled to resign that post, returning to Oklahoma, a bitter and downcast man. His rash statements at reprisal simply were scoffed at, and he was made the subject of ridicule. One paper said this:

Coffeyville, Kansas, Oct. 26th

A new feature in the Dalton affair is promised, and a most unique one it is. Will Dalton is contemplating suing the city for damages, alleging as a cause for action that while the bodies of the dead bandits were in charge of the city, unauthorized persons were allowed to rifle the pockets and abstract money and valuables, which have not been turned over to William or his family.

Will was interviewed in regard to the matter and acknowledged that there was a strong probability of such action being begun, claiming, however, that one of the ablest attorneys in the state was backing and instituting the suit on a contingent fee.

Will said he knows one of the citizens robbed the bodies of $900 which Emmet claims they had before coming to Coffeyville. This in all probability is sheer nonsense, as no one else seems to know anything about it. The chances are that it is only a bluff game, played in order to force those who took the articles from the bandits' pockets, and keeping them as relics, to return same.

Emmett is still improving and will undoubtedly recover.

His cell is brightened by bouquets of beautiful flowers sent him by foolish women and he is having what many people think an easy time when it is considered that three widows and one poor old mother mourn their husbands and son by reason of the Dalton raid.

Williams declares that there will be no danger of Emmett's conviction, and there will be plenty of money for his defense.

Whether there was plenty of money or not is only a guess. Nevertheless, Emmett was sentenced to life imprisonment in the dreary territorial prison at Lansing, Kansas, being pardoned in 1907 by Governor E.W. Hoch.

His spirit completely broken, Bill Dalton sought Bill Doolin, who was carrying on the robbery tradition started by the Daltons. The fight at Ingalls had branded Dalton an outlaw and killer, for it had been his bullet that had killed a deputy United States Marshal during their flight.

Bill Dalton, naturally, thought he should lead the raiding outlaws, for he was the last member of the famous Dalton gang. But the gang chose Doolin as its leader, much to the disappointment of Bill Dalton. It was a strange alliance, one which lasted fifteen months or so. During that time several capers were pulled. This group robbed the train at Wharton, as well as two trains in the Kansas towns of Spearville and Cimarron.

During the holdup of a general store in the Seminole Nation, Dalton and Bitter Creek Newcomb wounded the town marshal, T.H. Carr; they also carried on a gun battle with several teenagers. This sort of thing did not appeal to Bill Doolin, who had enough trouble on his hands keeping ahead of posses headed by such men as Bill Tilghman, Chris Madsen, Paine Jones and other famous marshals. It was time to sever the ties. Their final job together was the holdup of the railroad station at Woodward in March of 1894. Calling his men together at Edmond, Oklahoma, for a division of the $6500 loot, Doolin bid Dalton goodbye in friendly terms, stating it was safer to travel in smaller groups due to the pressure of the lawmen closing in.

It was an opportunity for Bill Dalton to take his wife, Jennie, and their six children to a safer climate; to begin anew under an assumed name. But the polite blackballing he had been given by Doolin rankled with the last of the Daltons. He would show them. He would start up a gang of his own and run roughshod over the territory.

In comparison to the Doolin bunch, the Dalton band was indeed a sorry lot. Dalton was able to recruit only a few men, among them a cowboy named George Bennett, Jim Wallace, and several others, identity unknown, probably just as well.

On May 23, 1894, this group of hell-bent robbers rode into Longview, Texas, looking for new frontiers to conquer. There they robbed the First National Bank of several thousands dollars. It seemed like another repeat of Coffeyville — in a lesser sense, however. One of the outlaws was killed and three citizens of Longview went to their deaths by bandit bullets. The fleeing bandits outwitted a posse by hiding in the canebrakes of the Territory, later Bill heading for the Ardmore area, where his family was staying at the home of Houston Wallace, brother of outlaw Jim.

It was Bill's thirst for liquor that actually caused his downfall. Living in a dry country, Dalton expressed his whiskey in via Ardmore, twenty-five miles away. Houston Wallace was sent in to pick up the whiskey, but Mrs. Dalton and Mrs. Wallace chose to ride along in the wagon so they could do some shopping in town.

The suspicions of Deputy Marshal T.S. Lindsay were aroused when the two women paid in cash at the general store for materials worth over $200.

"Too much money for those poor farmers to have," mused Lindsay.

When Wallace went to the express office to claim the case of whiskey, the officer arrested all three of them. Jennie Dalton gave a false name, but this did not fool the officer.

The next morning, June 8, 1894, Deputy Lindsay and a posse rode out to the Wallace place. They surrounded the house. When Bill saw them he made a run for it, jumping from a window and darting toward a ravine nearby. Deputy Marshal Loss Hart drew down with his .44 and fired a heavy slug into Dalton's stomach, killing him instantly.



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This is what the official records say. Some have claimed that it happened this way: Dalton remained at the Wallace farm with a young farmhand and several of his own youngsters. After dinner, the boy went to the barn to hitch up the team while Bill stopped to play a few minutes with his crippled daughter, Grace, the youngest of the six. The laughter on the porch belied the presence of the Winchester rifle propped against a post a short distance away. Then the crash of guns rent the summer air.

At the inquest the farmhand told his side of the story.

"I was hitching up the horses about fifty yards from the house. Bill Dalton was sitting in a chair romping with Grace. I looked up and called to Bill to come on. Just then I heard three or four shots, coming all together like. I saw a bunch of men run into the yard. And I heard a funny little scared chirp from Grace. I hurried back to where the men were. I saw Bill Dalton laying in front of the chair. He was dead.

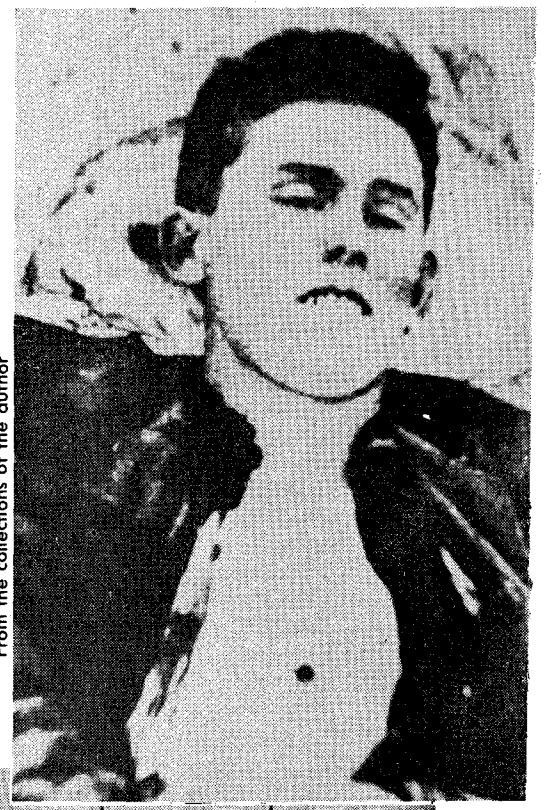
"One of the deputies told me Bill had grabbed for his gun when they yelled at him to throw up his hands. Said Bill tried to get his gun and started running for the brush. But I didn't see no gun on Bill nor any gun near where he was a-laying. The deputies warned me to keep quiet about what I had seen, or I would get into trouble too."

Grace said this: "We were playing some make-believe. I heard some shooting. Papa jumped up and fell down. And then some men ran up."

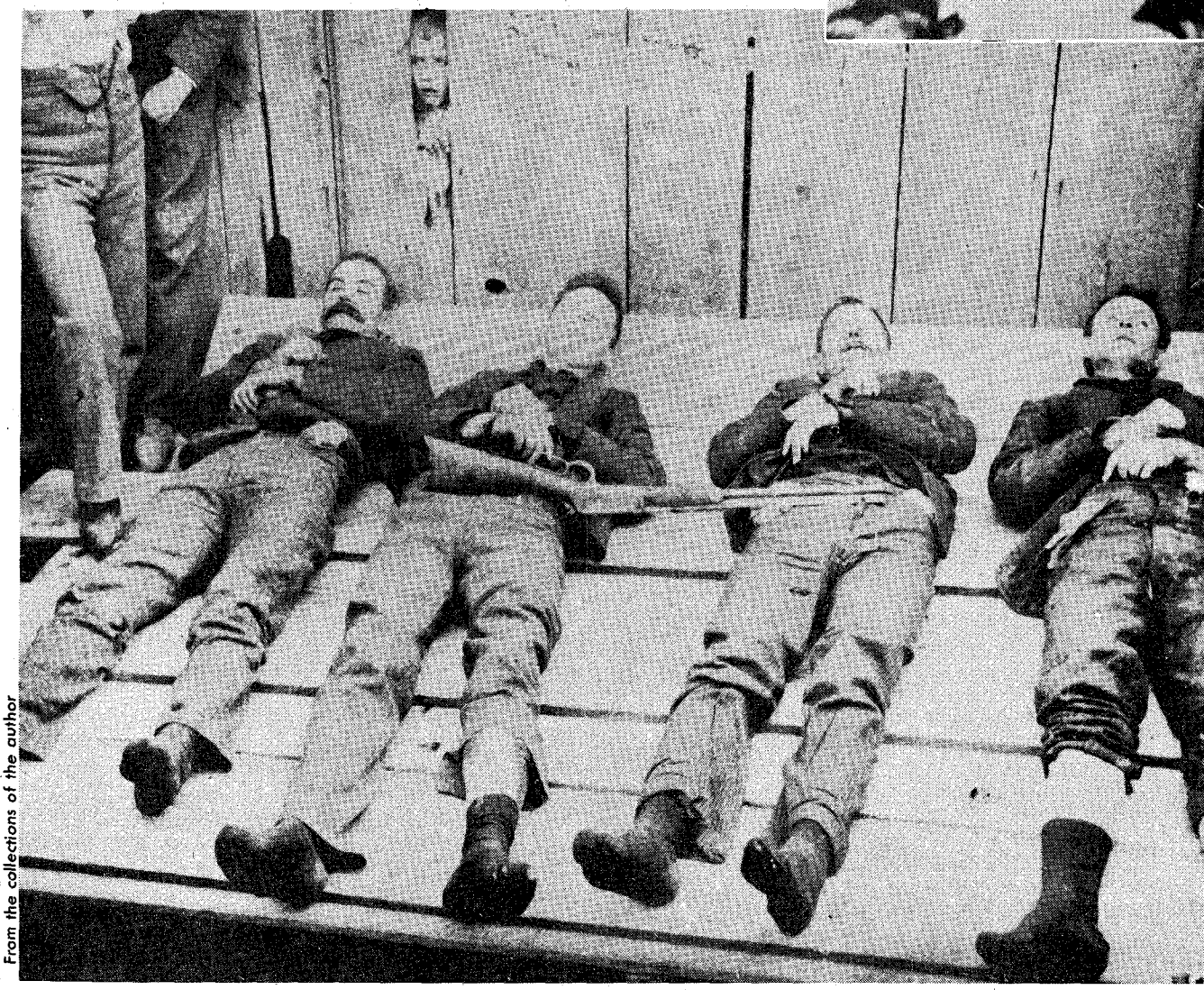
The inquest revealed that only one bullet had hit Dalton. It had entered low in the back, above the kidney, and had come out about the heart. The death wound would have been impossible had Bill been erect and running as the officers said. It would have gone straight through his body. It appeared that Dalton was shot while seated in a chair, presumably bending forward to reach his child seated at his feet.

Unlike the Dalton gang, Doolin's men were shrewd, men of proven

*Bob Dalton in death.*



From the collections of the author



From the collections of the author

*Bill Powers, Bob Dalton, Grat Dalton and Dick Broadwell. All were killed in the Coffeyville fiasco.*



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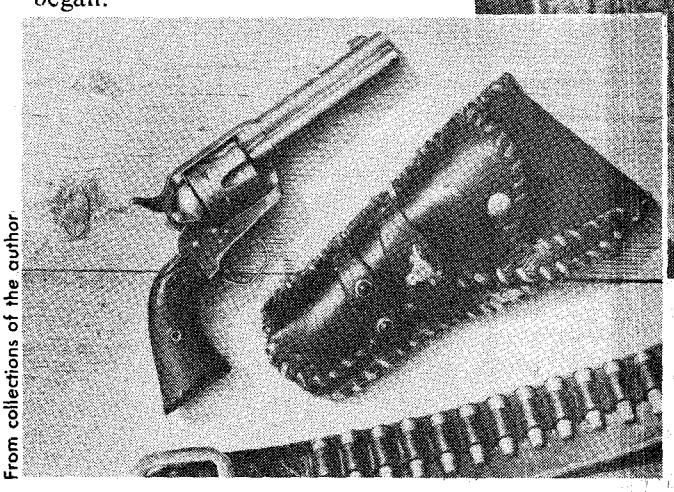
responsibility, and they worked with precision and speed, seldom killing anyone and then only in self-defense.

The Doolin gang surprised the little town of Dover in May of 1895, where they stopped a passenger train, robbing the express car and the passengers. Deputy Marshal Chris Madsen, the fighting Dane, gathered up a few men, boarded a train, and hurried to the spot. The surprised outlaws saw the lawmen before a surprise attack could be made upon their camp. The horse of Tulsa Jake Blake was shot from under him as was the horse of Red Buck Waightman. Blake, the picturesque outlaw who was always dressed in a Prince Albert coat and a large top hat, was dead. His career as an outlaw was indeed a short one.

Red Buck was rescued by one of the outlaws. Riding double, they raced from the scene, eluding the posse in a heavy stand of timber a few miles from where the chase began.

From the collections of the author

*Another photo of Bill Doolin after he died.*



From collections of the author

*Bill Doolin's pistol, holster and cartridge belt.*

"We'd better get a horse for Red Buck," said Doolin. "This is making travel too slow. We'll head for Woodward County."

Several miles farther on the trail, the riders came upon a small ranch house, to the rear of which several fine horses were milling about in a corral. Red Buck leaped down from the horse's back and walked toward the barn. There he found a fine saddle, bridle and blanket. As he was roping the finest horse of the lot, an old man approached from the vicinity of the house.

"What are you doing? Those are my son's things."

Without making a reply, Red Buck turned and shot the old man dead. The shot brought Doolin hurrying to the scene. His rage knew no bounds when he saw the old man lying in the dust.

"You damned fool! Let's get out of here!"

The outlaws raced their animals to the limit in order to put as many miles between them and the scene of their latest crime. While stopping to rest, Doolin called a council of war. He was fuming mad.

"All right, Red Buck, here's your share of the loot. Now get out of my sight and stay out of it," Doolin told the vicious killer.

The rest of the band held their guns on Red Buck as he stood in the roadway, gaping in surprise.

Red Buck was later killed by police officers on October 2, 1895, in a hideout near Arapaho Oklahoma.

Bill Doolin, suffering from his rheumatism, went to visit his wife, who was in hiding in the Indian Territory. It was later learned, through a Mrs. Pierce of Ingalls, that Doolin's wife was living on a ranch near Burden, Kansas. Deputy Marshal Tilghman hurried to Burden, where he found Mrs. Doolin using the name of Barry. Doolin was nowhere around. Tilghman learned he was at the Moore ranch near Pawkuska in the Osage Nation. Deputies Tilghman and Heck Thomas went to the ranch, but failed to find Doolin. However, they did find Little Bill Raidler, one of Bill's men. Raidler came down the dusky trail, humming a tune, totally unaware that the two lawmen were hiding in the shadows of the corral.

"Hands up, Raidler! This is Bill Tilghman!"

Little Bill whirled and fired his sixgun. Raidler was brought down by two quick shots from Tilghman's Winchester. He was taken to Guthrie and placed in care of Dr. O. Smith. Later he was tried and convicted of train and bank robbery, and sentenced to ten years in State Prison. There he met the outlaw, Al Jennings, also serving a term for train robbery, and the short - story writer, O. Henry, serving time for some other offense. O. Henry's influence over Little Bill prevailed to



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From the collections of the author

*Emmet Dalton in later years.*

such an extent that after his release he became a well-known writer.

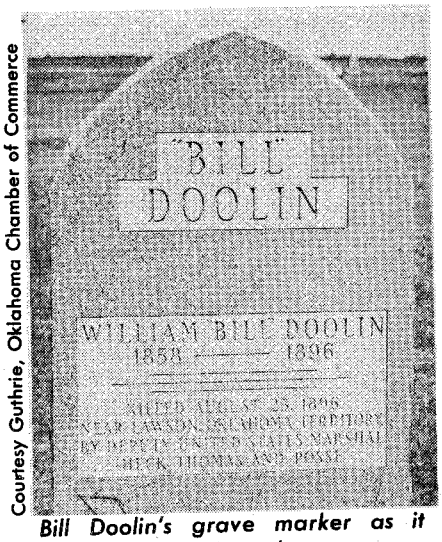
The capture of Raidler occurred shortly after he and Bitter Creek Newcomb had returned from Chicago, where they spent their loot in riotous living. Raidler also bought a pair of fancy silver-plated sixguns while there. These guns were found on him when he was shot by Bill Tilghman, but their whereabouts today is unknown to this writer.

In May of 1895 the Doolin gang held up the Woodward express office again, escaping with nearly $10,000. The marshal's office at Guthrie decided the gang must be destroyed. The Dunn ranch, a harbor for outlaws, for a price, was first hit by Deputies Tilghman, Madsen, and a posse. Bee Dunn was advised he would be arrested for harboring criminals if he did not cooperate; and to punctuate his threat, Deputy Marshal Heck Thomas waved a couple of warrants in the Dunn brothers' faces.

"All right, Heck. Some of the bandits are going to meet at Bee's place within a few days. You can ambush them there."

The Dunn ranch house was a two-story building with two large rooms downstairs, divided by a hallway. The upper room was furnished with bunks to accommodate twenty men or more. The building faced south and had doors and windows in use on all sides except the east. These windows had been boarded up due to damage by a hailstorm. On this blind side, the lawmen dug a shallow pit a short distance from the house. Heck Thomas, Bee Dunn, and one of the possemen entered the pit, while Bill Tilghman, Will Dunn, and the remaining posse members stationed themselves inside the house.

The bad weather had apparently delayed the outlaws. On the third day, however, just as dusk was falling, Bitter Creek and Charlie Pierce rode toward the house from the north. As the two bandits neared the house, Heck Thomas called for them to surrender. Instead, the two wanted men leaped from their horses, running at full speed toward the excavation which protected the lawmen, firing their pistols as they ran. Belching Winchesters sent a barrage of lead at the approaching figures. Both fell, mortally wounded. The bodies were placed in a wagon and taken to Guthrie by two of the possemen, the others remaining at the Dunn ranch




Courtesy Guthrie, Oklahoma Chamber of Commerce

*Bill Doolin's grave marker as it appears today.*

in case more outlaws appeared. None did.

In Guthrie the bodies of Bitter Creek and Pierce were viewed by hundreds of the morbidly curious before being claimed by relatives. Bitter Creek's father lived at Fort Scott, Kansas, and he came to Guthrie to claim his son's body. The body of Charlie Pierce was claimed by a brother from Paris, Texas. Dynamite Dick, another of the Doolin mob, was wounded and captured shortly afterwards near Perry, where he was recognized and shot by Deputies Burke, Nix, and Jones. While awaiting trial in the Federal jail, he contracted pneumonia and died. His body was claimed by his father, who lived south of Ardmore.

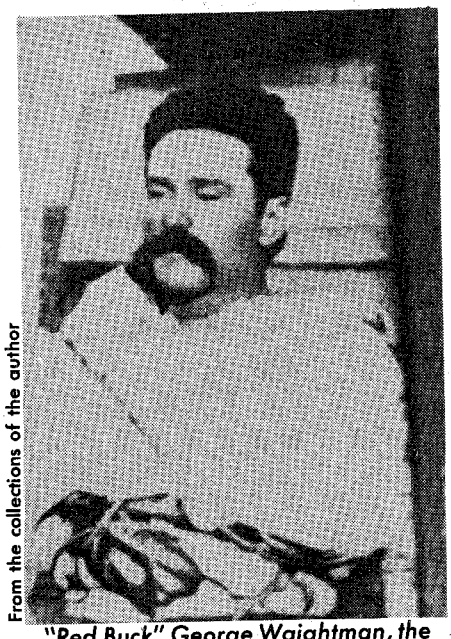
"Little Dick" West was also a member of the Doolin gang and later a member of the short-lived Al Jennings band. He was a homeless waif, small but wiry. He took part in almost all of the robberies perpetrated by the gangs. On April 7, 1898, he was killed at the ranch of Herman Arnett by deputy marshals near Guthrie, Oklahoma. West had been currying a horse, back of the barn, when Tilghman, Heck Thomas and others arrived. When called on to surrender, he reached for his sixguns. He was shot and killed before he could fire a shot.

Now the officers could concentrate on capturing Doolin. Having been unable to locate Doolin near Burden, Kansas, or to intercept his mail (as none arrived), Bill Tilghman sensed that the mail was coming in through another post office. Driving in a buggy to Winfield, he learned that Mrs. Doolin was receiving mail there addressed to "Mr. Barry." A later letter indicated that Doolin was at Eureka Springs, Arkansas, visiting the hot baths there to ease his terrible case of rheumatism.

Tilghman went alone to Arkansas, arriving at the Basin Hotel on December 5, 1895. On his way to the baths he saw Bill Doolin stretched out on a couch, calmly reading a newspaper. The outlaw peered over the newspaper to get a good glimpse of the newcomer. Tilghman turned his head and hurried into the bath assigned to him. He then whipped out his pistol, did an about-face, and stepped out directly in front of the astonished Bill Doolin.

"Don't move, Doolin, you're my prisoner!"

Doolin leaped from the couch, with Tilghman grabbing him about the shoulders to keep him from



From the collections of the author

*"Red Buck" George Waightman, the most inhuman member of the Doolin - Dalton gang.*



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reaching his weapons.

"Hold on, Doolin, I don't want to shoot you, but I can before you draw."

Meantime, the city marshal had arrived and Doolin was handcuffed and placed in the city jail.

"Doolin, I'll not handcuff you if you promise not to try and escape. I know your love for your family and believe you'd rather have them see you brought in that way."

"Tilghman, how could any man back out on a promise like that."

And so it was. Tilghman and Doolin arrived in Guthrie more like two visiting businessmen rather than prisoner and captor. The news had preceded them; over five thousand spectators gathered to get a glimpse of the noted outlaw.

In January of 1896, Doolin feigned a great weakness and told the jailor he would not last until morning. He asked the guard to come closer so he could whisper in his ear some locations of money had hidden. The unsuspecting guard put his ear some locations of money he had hidden. The unsuspecting guard put his ear to Bill's mouth and leaned against the bars. Bill's arm lashed out like a snake through the bars, and the dumbfounded jailor was looking into the muzzle of his own pistol.

The fantastic escape of Bill Doolin brought every peace officer in the Territory on his trail. He was finally located at his home near Lawson. Marshal Nagle at once sent out a general alarm to deputies. The response was rapid, but Heck Thomas and his men were already in the shadow of the Doolin cabin in the Payne County woods. One evening they saw Doolin leave with little in front of the wagon, examining the trail. Heck Thomas stepped out from the tall grass and ordered the outlaw to surrender. Doolin jerked his Winchester to his shoulder. Before he could fire, however, the blast of Thomas' shotgun rent the night air, and Doolin fell, riddled by a full load of buckshot. The date was August 25, 1896.

Marshal Nagle bought a handsome casket and selected a spot near the heart of the Summit View Cemetery for the last resting place of the noted bandit. His widow and Sam Trimble were the only mourners at the grave. The funeral took place on August 29th.

Before burial, Doolin's body was placed on exhibition in downtown Guthrie, and thousands of people milled by to view the remains. The place was Rhodes Undertaking Parlor on Oklahoma Avenue, in the Gray Brothers building.

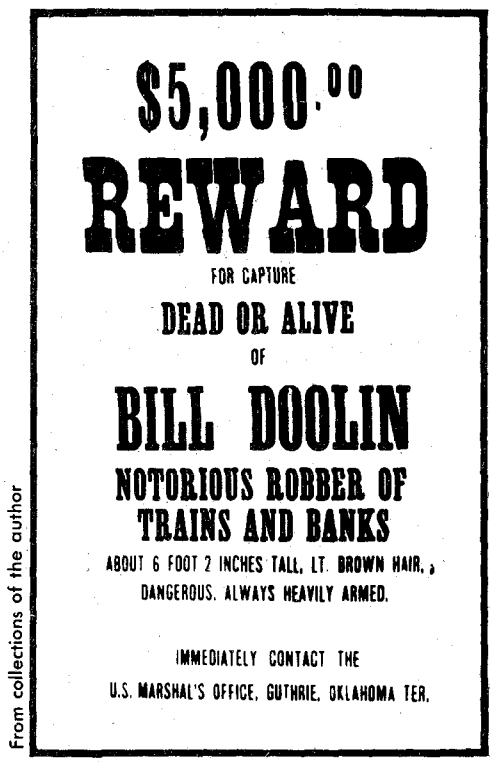
As in the case of Bill Dalton, there are also conflicting reports as to how Doolin died. One man in the posse said this:

"Early yesterday morning the outlaw left his home with another man, who is unknown, and went to his stable. The unknown man turned back while Doolin slowly walked down the main road to where Thomas and his posse were in hiding. Doolin was ordered to halt.

"Surprised he raised his gun and fired twice at random. Immediately several volleys rang out and Doolin fell to the ground dead. His breast was ripped by twenty buckshot and his left arm bears the scar of one of the Winchester balls. The body was at once placed in a wagon and hurried into this city."

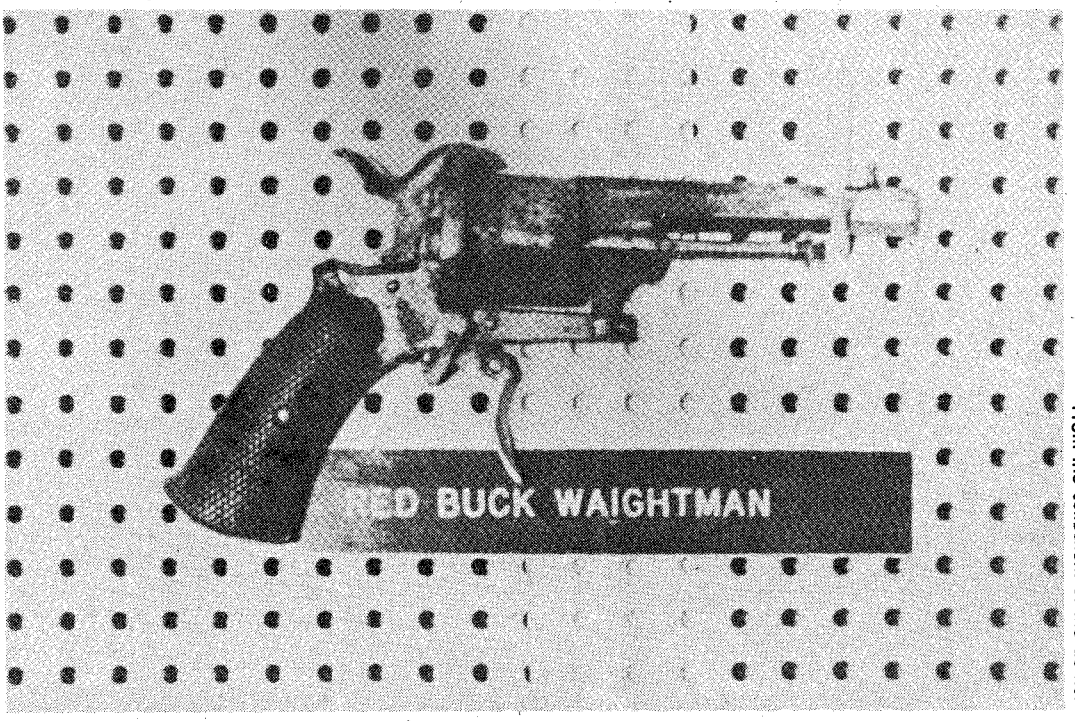
When this author last visited Guthrie, the grave of Bill Doolin was marked with a twisted, rusty buggy axle.

Today the grave of Bill Doolin is marked with an appropriate marker.




From collections of the author

*One of several reward posters which appeared for the capture of Bill Doolin.*




*Firearm carried by Waightman during his career as an outlaw.*

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# The Gold Miners' "SHIRLEY TEMPLE"

**By Clarence M. Fink**

Little Lotta Crabtree faced her first critical audience of unshaven and bewhiskered California gold miners with all the confidence and audacity of a brash Circus Ringmaster. The preceding stage performer had left the burly men of the 'diggins' with a distinct odor of mediocrity on his part, and he had become the quick target of expensive vegetable missiles imported from San Francisco.

The pretty red-haired doll astounded this disgruntled group with her versatility. Lotta turned with ease from one dance to another, and then swung freely into a lively jig, making every move count with her watchers. She had a way of laughing that held close attention, and then she became a tireless, bubbling fountain of fun, with movements of quick life that fascinated her spectators.

Tiny Lotta Crabtree was taken in hand at a tender age by the famous Lola Montez, who taught her the simple dancing tricks of her profession, built up her singing confidence by petting, pampering, and correcting this flexible youngster of Grass Valley. Thanks to her hard-working mother, Mrs. Crabtree, Lotta added a new wrinkle to her already expanded stage repertoire by developing a fine and humorous art of mimicry which came quite natural to the parent.

In a cleverly created white dress with a round neck and puffed sleeves, elfish Lotta ingratiated herself into the hearts of these rough gold seekers with her liquid-like laughter and lilting songs and dances. Even in her seventies, she often referred to these same miners "as my boys!" which she never forgot during her lifetime.

On a candle-lit crude stage in a smoke - clouded room, Lotta's debut was a huge success. Showered at her feet were thrown quarters, half dollars, large Mexican dollars, fifty - dollar gold slugs, and gold nuggets which Mrs. Crabtree gathered in with great enthusiasm. Money had been scarce in her household until now, and it started the mother - daughter combination on a wide tour of the mining camps. No diggings were too small to visit.

Mrs. Crabtree and Lotta traveled by coach and horseback on roads and trails, and more than once both were compelled to lie on hotel floors to escape harm from flying bullets as drunken miners shot it out in their buildings. Thanks to the careful tutoring by Lola Montez, little Lotta learned to handle a dozen or a thousand rough 49ers on stage with her quick wit and ready charm.

A little less than five years after she left Grass Valley, Lola Montez died penniless in New York and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery. Her headstone bore her dates and her maiden name (Eliza Gilbert). Her money and good health ran out together. The names of Lola and Lotta are closely woven together into the story of California's Gold Days. ●**RW**


REFERENCE SOURCES: *Anybody's Gold*, by Joseph Henry Jackson, N. Y. 1941





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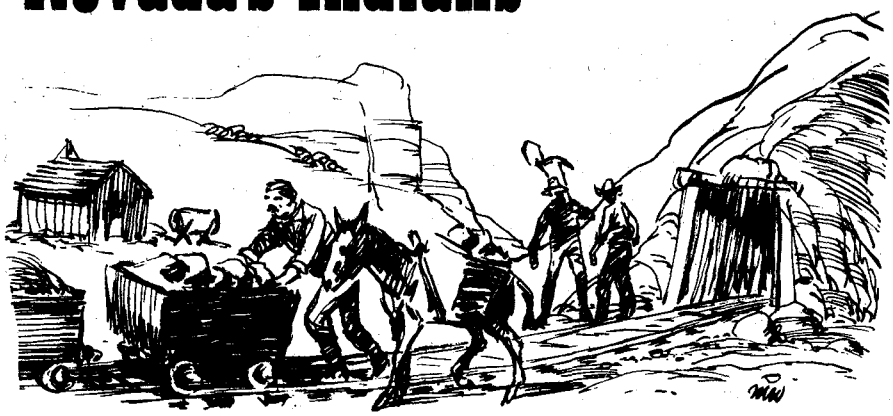
# COMSTOCK GOLD
## Doomed Northern Nevada's Indians

By Richard Taylor



While the discovery of northern Nevada's fabulous Comstock Lode sent Mohammedan - like visions of wealth and power coursing through the greed-clouded imaginations of white fortune seekers, it also sealed the doom of the red men who had peacefully inhabited that area for so long.

In 1860 hapless Indians watched from secret outposts while gold-crazed prospectors, adventurers, gamblers, ladies - of - the - evening, and all of the other frontier flotsam that the discovery of gold inevitably brought poured over the sierras in seemingly endless lines, all determined to claim their shares of the new-found wealth.

Through secret means of communication, a chiefs' council was called on the shores of Pyramid Lake. Soon chiefs from the Paiute, Shoshone and Bannock nations were gathered to decide what could be done.

All described the same catastrophic events: The gold-hungry palefaces were killing off the buffalo, driving the Indians from their hunting lands, and devastating the pinon forests, which had always before provided their winter stores of food. When the angry chiefs had tried to protest, they had only been laughed at. Now, these gross injustices were increasing so rapidly that there seemed to be no logical way to cope with them.

The combined atrocities that threatened to destroy the Indian nations stirred the chiefs to a battle - frenzy. All except one wanted immediate, uncompromising war against the whites.

One young chief named Numaga realized the fatality of such a move. He had always been on friendly terms with the white invaders, and he knew that the Indians could never hope to win against such superior numbers and weaponry. However, his earnest pleas went unheeded, and as a last resort, he lay upon the ground for three days fasting in traditional mourner's style, hoping that his suffering might sway the other Indian leaders.

At last, upon the third night, during the final council, Numaga appeared before the other chiefs to try one last time to persuade them from their folly. The flickering light of the small campfire played upon his gaunt, earnest features as he made his final plea for peace.

In an emotionally stirring speech, he warned that all-out war could only bring total disaster to the Indian nations; the plaefaces would come in ever - increasing numbers, and with their guns they would drive the red men into the barren areas of the desert, where they would die of starvation.

His words had nearly convinced the majority of the chiefs, when disastrous news arrived.

A weary brave on horseback thundered into their camp and announced that a Paiute chief who had failed to come to the council had attacked the white men at Williams Station, killing five of them, because they had stolen two squaws from his tribe.

Numaga's voice was silenced as he turned slowly away from the others. There was no longer any decision to be made. The white man's lust for gold on the Comstock Lode had sealed the northern Nevada Indians' doom in a war that could end only one way.

●RW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# ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

**Conducted by Thomas A. Frazier**

Remember the sign on the late Harry S. Truman's desk at the White House, "THE BUCK STOPS HERE?" Some of you may be surprised to know that this expression originated in the early West, emanating from the saying "to pass the buck." In early-day poker in the West of the late 1860's, it was the custom for players to cut for deal, and to hold the deal until losing the pot, when the deal would be passed to the winner. When draw poker was introduced, it became the practice to pass the deal to the left after each hand. To indicate who was the dealer, the custom developed of using a "buck" placed in front of the dealer. This could be any object, but was usually a knife, for in those days mostly every man carried one, and since it also usually had a buckhorn handle, it came to be known as a "buck." At the conclusion of each hand, the buck was moved to the next dealer. If a man did not wish to deal, he was allowed to ante, and then to "pass the buck," that is, to move it in front of the next player. Thus it is a slang expression for letting someone else take the blame or the responsibility.

**Q. Have you ever heard of the "Lost Mine of Toyopa" supposed to be located east of Nacori in Sonora, Mexico and of a wonderful richness in silver? A.L. McRory, Kingman, Ariz.**
A. Much research in our bibliographies has availed us nothing, Mr. McRory. We fear that it is another addition to the multitudinous stories of lost mines which, always, are rich beyond imagination. The Spanish conquistadores were the first to hear of such, and they couldn't find them either. But if any of our readers has heard of it, please write in.

**Q. Did the Western movie star William S. Hart ever live in a small Minnesota town named Zumbo Falls? M. Atkinson, Lake City, Minn.**
A. All we know for certain is that he did live for a while in Minnesota. His book, *My Life East and West* (Houghton Mifflin Co., 1929) may reveal if he ever lived in Zumbo Falls. The book is scarce, but your library may secure it for you.

**Q. Is it true that some Indian tribes used a birth-control method which came from some kind of herb or plant? C.W.S. Rubel, Los Olivos, Cal.**
A. They ate many plants, herbs and roots which they believed would control births. A few of these have been tested on mice and rats by modern scientists and seem to have had some effect on fertility, but records extant indicate that the most successful method followed was abstention during the unsafe periods, apparently well known to the Indians.

**Q. I was reading the narrative of an early frontiersman describing a meeting with Indian chiefs in their teepee. He said "perceiving the signal, we all arose and left." What would that signal have been? V. Duncan, Lake Charles, La.**
A. In most Indian societies, when the host cleans his pipe, that is the signal that the meeting is over.

**Q. Why is "Arkansas" pronounced "Arkan-SAW"? L. Lewison, Springfield, Mo.**
A. Because that is the way the French, who named it, pronounced it.

**Q. Why was Kentucky called the "dark and bloody ground?" M. Boucher, Decatur, Ill.**
A. Kentucky, in the early days, was a splendid and fertile hunting area, fought over ferociously by the Indians among themselves. When the white men came, the fighting continued just as ferociously.

**Q. Can you tell me about Grizzly Adams? B. Isabel, Hutchinson, Kansas.**
A. His real name was James Capen Adams, born 1807, died 1860. He was a hunter and trainer of grizzly bears. For a time he was in business with the famous P.T. Barnum.

**Q. I recently read a reference to "Fetterman's Boast." What was it? V. Rosput, Tucson, Arix.**
A. Captain William J. Fetterman was an Army officer, new to Indian warfare, high in arrogance but low on experience. He boasted that if he were given 80 men, he could ride through the entire Sioux nation. He had his chance. On December 21, 1866, he was assigned 80 men (a tragic coincidence) and ordered to go to the relief of a detail of men who were under attack while getting wood for the fort. Fetterman was also cautioned by his commanding officer not to go beyond Lodge Trail Ridge. He ignored the warning, and he and his eighty men were massacred, as planned by the Sioux who gambled that he would go beyond the Ridge in pursuit of their seeming retreat. Fetterman, during the battle, shot himself according to eyewitnesses of the battleground.

**Q. What about John "Portugee" Phillips' fantastic ride? And was he really a Portuguese? M. Raposa, Mankato, Minn.**
A. Yes, he was a Portuguese, a teamster assigned to Fort Phil Kearny. The fort, in the winter of 1866, was besieged by Sioux who, it appeared, would soon overpower the place. The Commanding Officer called for volunteers to ride to Fort Laramie, 236 miles away, for help. It was an extremely dangerous mission, considering the bitter weather and the multitude of Indians surrounding the fort. Even the famous Jim Bridger, who was there, did not volunteer. Phillips did, riding the Commanding Officer's splendid horse. He made it, although the horse dropped dead upon arrival at their destination.

**Q. Was John Chisum, the cattle king, a Texas-born man? C. Kohr, Salt Lake City, Utah.**
A. John Simpson Chisum (1824-1884) was born on his grandfather's plantation in Madison City, Tennessee. He moved to Texas at age 13.

**Q. How did Tom Smith, the famous lawman, die? D. Christiansen, St. Cloud, Minn.**
A. Tom Smith, noted for his prowess in subduing bad men with his fists and not his gun, was shot, clubbed, then decapitated by his enemies.

**Q. I say Elfego Baca was a famous bandit. When did he die? L. Gomez, Tucson, Ariz.**
A. The fantastic Elfego was many things, but never, to our knowledge, a bandit. He was, at various times, a deputy sheriff, deputy marshal, lawyer, mayor, county school superintendent, county clerk, assistant district attorney, district attorney, and at one time, a bouncer. He died in 1945; so close is history. ●RW



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## THE AMERICAN INDIAN

*(continued from page 35)*

one of their earliest names, this being *wautacone,* 'coat man,' or 'he who wears clothing.' The Pequot called the English *waunnux* or 'somebody coming.' This was also the term for Frenchman. The Narraganset called the English by the name *chauquaquock* or 'knife man.' The Siksika called the Englishman *nitapiapikwan* or 'real white man.' The Hidatsa gave the British the term *bosheittochresha* or 'men who bring black cloth.' The Algonquian called them *saganaz* or 'English,' and the Eastern Dene used the term *'tse' -o' tinne'* or 'inhabitants of the rocks.' To the Creek the English were *mikilisi* 'subjects of the great king.'

Even the Scotchmen had their own terms given them; when the Mohawk of Lake - of - Two - Mountains saw their first Scotchmen they called them *kentahere* in reference to their headdress, the tam-o-shanter, which reminded the Mohawk of cow-droppings. The Chippewa name for the Scotch was *Opitotowew* or 'he who speaks differently.'

The French were given many names, and the Algonquian language furnished many of them. Among the Penobscot the word *awenoch,* the Pequot word *wanux* and the Passamaquoddy word *wenoch,* all referred to the Frenchman. The Cree word *wemistikojiw,* the Chippewa word *wemitigoshi* both meant 'people of the wooden canoes.' The Mohawks called the French *onseronni* or 'maker of hatchets' from *konnis* 'I make' and *osera* 'hatchet.' The Kutenai called them *notlukene* or 'foreigners.'

A few of the Indians had special names for the Germans; the Chippewa term was *Anima,* a modification of the 'French Allemand.' The Modoc word for them was *muni tchuleks gitko* or 'thickset fellow.' The Creek word for the German was *Yah yah algeh* or 'those whose talk was ja ja.'

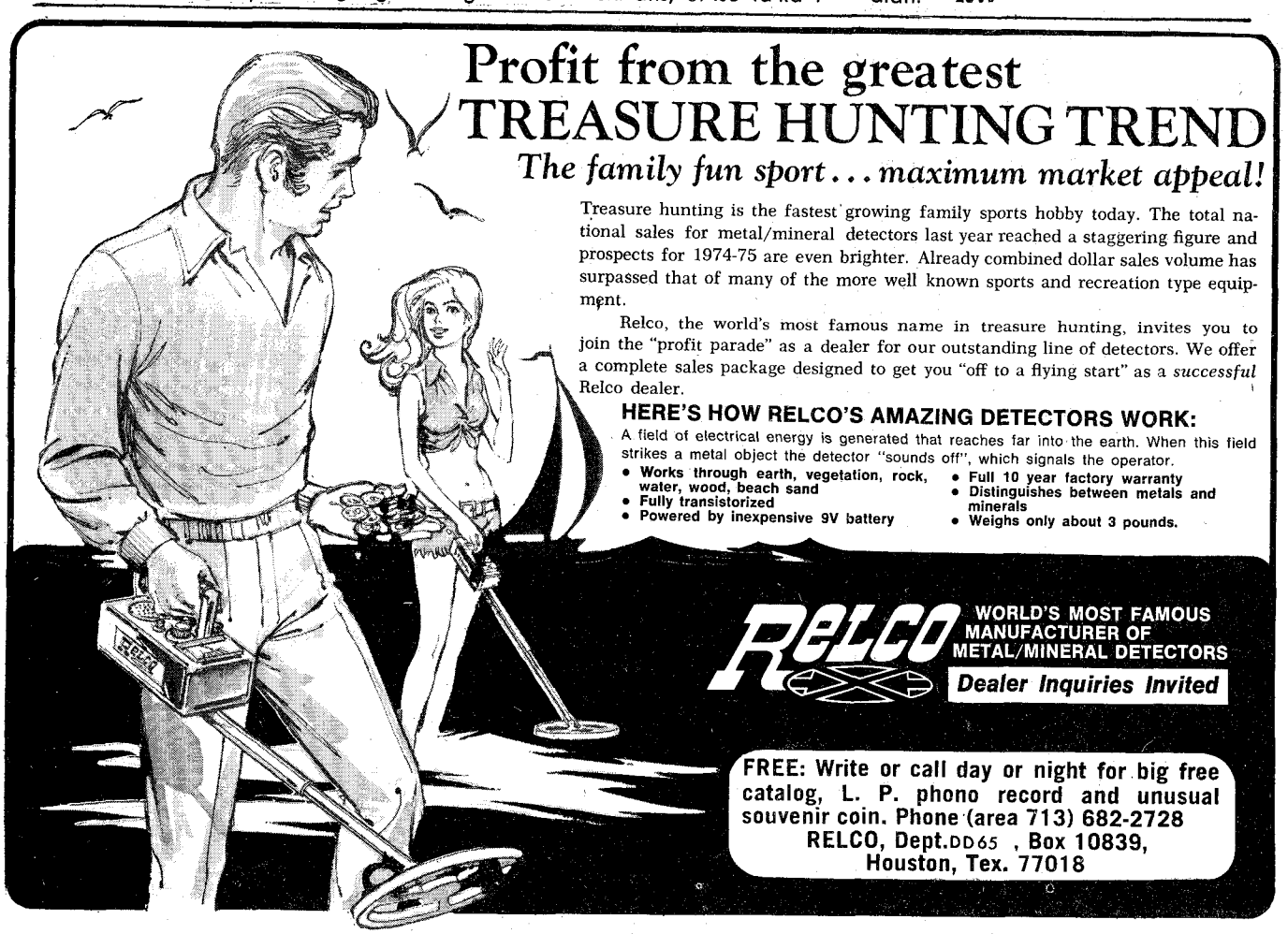
Early contact with the Spanish by the Southwest tribes, as well as those in the Southern states, gave rise to several names for them. The Sauk and Foxes have the name *A'payo'a* for 'Spaniard,' and *Mahiko's* for 'Mexican.' The Kiowa word *a-ta'-ka-i* literally means 'timber Mexicans' and was applied to inhabitants of Tmaulipas; the name *do kani-ta'ka-i* meant 'bark Mexicans' was given to the inhabitants of Santa Rosa. The term *ko p - ta - ka - i* or 'mountain whites' was used for the New Mexicans. At times the term *tson-ta'ka-i* or 'light haired Mexicans,' or *tso -ta'ka -i* 'rock white men,' as well as *pa-edal - ta'ka - i* 'great river whites,' were all used to mean the Spanish. The Navajo's term for the Mexican was *naakai* or 'white foreigners; and for the Spanish *naakai - diyini,* 'holy white foreigners.' The Mohave Indians called the Mexican or Spanish *haiko tahana* or 'long white men.' The Zuni called the early Spanish *tsipolo-kwe,* or 'Mustached people.'

The Dutch also had various names applied to them. The Iroquoian word *aseronni* meaning 'maker of hatchets' was given to them. The Delaware called them *schwonnachquin* or 'white people.'

Some Indian tribes even had names for the Chinese. The Kutenai called the Chinese *gooktlam,* from *agkoktlam,* meaning 'hair' in reference to the queue of the Chinese.

Among some tribes the name for Negro was 'black flesh' as in the Chippewa word *ma'kadawiyas,* or the Cree word *kaskite wiyas.* The Delaware word *nescalenk* signifies 'black face,' and the Nipissing word *makatewinini* meant 'black man.' The Kiowa word *konkyaon - k'ia* meaning 'man with black on.'

As more people came to their land, the Indian added new names; some of these were borrowed from the newcomers. Almost all people had their own term given to them by the Indian. ●RW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## MADAME ANNA

*(continued from page 37)*

Finally came the day when London society was "shaken to (its) foundations" by the news that Lady Bishop and Bocksha had vanished. Weeks later, the truth swept both continents: Madame Anna Bishop, as she now called herself, and Bocksha had fled to New York, formed an opera company, and were touring the East. Despite — or perhaps because of — the international scandal, the company was "well received and made much money." Several years passed, the company touring as far as California, Mme. Bishop's fame growing steadily. In London, Sir Henry at last abandoned his wilder pursuits, devoting himself to music and his young daughter.

In 1854 Bocksha died in St. Louis. A year later, Sir Henry died in England. During a second visit to San Francisco, Mme. Bishop met and married a prosperous acutioneer named Schultz.

Soon the newlyweds and company sailed for Australia, Mme. Bishop eager for new conquests. The voyage became a disaster when their ship struck a reef. Passengers and crew, many of the women wearing nothing but nightgowns, had just time enough to lower the boats. Then began a 700-mile voyage into hell. When at last they were rescued, several had succumbed to exposure. Landed at Melbourne, the Schultzes were destitute and almost naked. Gone were Mme. Bishop's expensive Paris gowns and $6,000 worth of jewelry.

Her renowned voice came to their rescue. After a few concerts they were "on their financial feet once more." This accomplished, they sailed for England to satisfy a years-long desire by Mme. Bishop to find her daughter. There, she learned that Sir Henry had died destitute, having spent his own fortune and hers. But of her daughter, now a young woman, she was able to learn only that she had married a man named Blackford and had emigrated to Australia.

Disheartened, the singer returned to America for another successful tour of major cities before reaching San Francisco in 1869. After concerts throughout California and Oregon, she arrived in Victoria, where journalist Higgins met the feted star.

"She was indeed a most agreeable woman," he recalled. "No longer young she still bore the marks of great beauty. Her manners were gracious and courtly, and all who met her carried away the impression that Anna Bishop was a perfect lady who had been deceived and wronged into marriage and who finally fled to avoid the persecution and rapacity of her husband (Henry)."

Although in her mid-50s, her voice "was sweet and full and showed but a few signs of wear. Her rendition of *Last Rose* and *Home, Sweet Home,* and *Suwanee River* was marvellous. The audience demanded repitition after repetition and when the last notes died away and the curtain fell, many retained their seats and cheered for some minutes in the vain hope that the diva would sing once more."

It so happened that a popular couple of Victoria society at that time was named Blackford. By a quirk of fate, it was Mme. Bishop's daughter and her husband who had come to the colony from Australia as a member of Governor Arthur Kennedy's staff.

"The consternation of the Blackfords upon learning that the mother of Mrs. Blackford was in Victoria was great. It was first intended that the family should cross the Sound and stay there while the singer remained here. But it was finally resolved to stay in Victoria."

Somehow, word of Mrs. Blackford's identity leaked out. Within hours, one of the bolder gossips had informed Mme. Bishop. "The Madame listened to the information with a face of stone. Not a muscle moved, not a lid quivered when she was told that her long-lost daughter was within reach. She asked no questions, thanked the lady with that grace and ease for which she was distinguished and did not refer to the matter again."

The same evening, she thrilled the overflowing audience as she had so many times before. And again each following performance, without betraying the slightest evidence of emotion. Then it was the last night; Theatre Royal was "overcrowded," but the box usually occupied by the Blackfords was empty. At last the curtain fell, to a standing ovation, the engagement was completed, and Mme. Bishop returned to her luxurious suite in the St. George's Hotel.

Minutes later, a heavily veiled woman left the hotel, hailed a cab and ordered the driver to an address on Michigan Street. Upon arrival, she asked him to wait, then approached the house, and "agitated the knocker timidly." Moments later, a man answered.

From the street the driver watched a mysterious scene, fascinated. The man and woman conversed for some minutes when the visitor dramatically threw back her veil to reveal herself as Mme. Bishop. Apparently the man did not recognize her, for he gave no sign of surprise at being visited at midnight by the famous singer. He moved to close the door, when she burst into tears. Touched, Mr. Blackford relented. They talked some more, when again Blackford moved as if to shut the door.

Suddenly the singer, now almost hysterical, threw herself bodily into the doorway. Angered, Blackford pushed her outside, slammed and bolted the door.

Madame Bishop "tottered down the steps, and almost fell on the graveled walk. She clutched the railing to save herself and resting her poor old head on her arms, sobbed as if her overladen heart would burst."

When the cab driver hastened to her side, she moaned: "Oh, for but one look at my bonnie's face — the bonnie that I nursed in her infancy and that I have pressed to my heart and blessed in her sleeping and in her waking moments.

"Indeed, indeed, it is not my fault that I left her. I was driven away by ill-treatment. She is in there — there where the light shines behind the curtain. I must, I will see her. Come, driver, help me to burst in the door!"

Restraining his hysterical fare, the nervous cabbie finally convinced her that she should return to her hotel. The following day, Mme. Bishop "appeared on the street ... as self-possessed as ever and never referred to the incident or to her daughter again."

Then the company continued on its tour, sailing for New Westminster. Four years later, the tragic lady returned to Victoria for a 10-night engagement. Once again she "spellbound" city society. But, Mr. Higgins recounted 30 years after, "her voice showed signs of failing."

"She went from here to England. She sang in cheap theatres, and at



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her final appearance in 1884 she was greeted with catcalls and vegetables from the gallery and was driven from the stage. Of all the brilliant throng who in 1837 went mad over the beautiful girl and her sweet notes there were none to do reverence or to protect her from insult. She had become a sport and guy (sic) for the rough elements that frequent low places of amusement, and the sun had gone down forever on her fame. Such is life!"

Retiring from the stage at last, Mme. Bishop gave music lessons, dying in 1888, a "gifted and much misunderstood woman, feeble and old and worn out ... in a foreign land."

What became of Mr. and Mrs. Blackford, Mr. Higgins did not say. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Victoria *Daily Colonist.*

**OVER THE ROCKIES**

*(continued from page 43)*

shot, but did not die immediately. A later shot killed her. In all, fourteen people were killed.

The massacre rocked the scattered Western community Representations were made to Washington, and Oregon soon became a Territory under the protection of the Federal Government.

And so Narcissa, the well-bred girl from New York, intent on saving the souls of the Indians, was an apparent failure in that regard. Her long arduous journey across the plains and the Rockies, away from a home she would never see again, her life in a primitive region with its sixteen-hour days, her loneliness, her bereavement at the loss of her only child, and finally her horrified witnessing of the violent death of her husband and friends, followed swiftly by her own murder, were for naught. But were they? By her death and the death of the others, public opinion made Oregon a territory, later to become a great state. Who can say she died in vain? She was the forerunner of those hardy women (hardy in spirit if not in body) who followed her trail and made the West. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

*Westward The Woman* - Nancy Wilson Ross Random House, 1944

*Northwest Trail Blazers* - Helen Howard Caxton Printers, 1963

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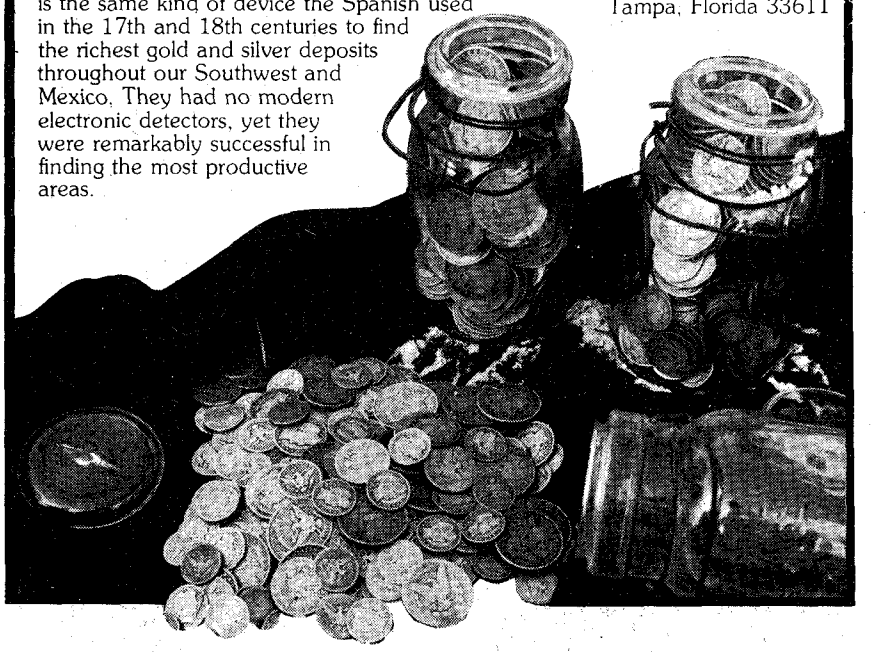

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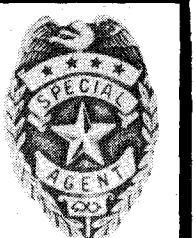


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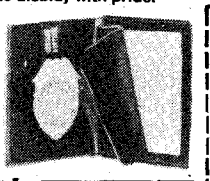

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## BUFFALO BILLS

*(continued from page 20)*

eternity. They've shown him blasting until running up against Kirt Jordan.

Then the trend was reversed. That noted buffalo hunter supposedly ran him out of town and into the high country. He reportedly didn't stop until reaching the safety of Fort Hays.

This is just so much malarkey. Certain aged documents and newspapers reveal a somewhat different story. It's true that Brooks became involved in a dispute with Jordan. It's also true that he took cover beneath a water tower. (Jordan's bullet punctured this — releasing a downpour on his head.) But he didn't flee afterward. He continued as always to patrol the streets.

My authority for this is an eye witness. There is to be found among the Kansas Historical Society's manuscripts a buffalo hunter's diary. Henry Raymond, in a March 4th, 1873 entry, mentions the shoot out. That following day he added: "I saw Brooks and Jordan compromise."

Further verification is to be found in the March 20th, 1873 Wichita *Eagle*. Quoting: "Buffalo Billy Brooks, the former Wichita stage driver, is not dead as reported but is still on duty in Dodge City."

He remained so until that following year. Then he found himself sought out by former employers. The Southwestern Stage Company officials were once again in despair.

This time it wasn't bullion bandits responsible for their plight. Instead, it was a competitive stage line. The Vail Company was drastically cutting into their profits. Unless something was done, they might even have to close down.

"That's why we contacted you," the president said. "We want you to do something!"

"What?"

"We want you to stop Vail and Company from fulfilling its mail contract."

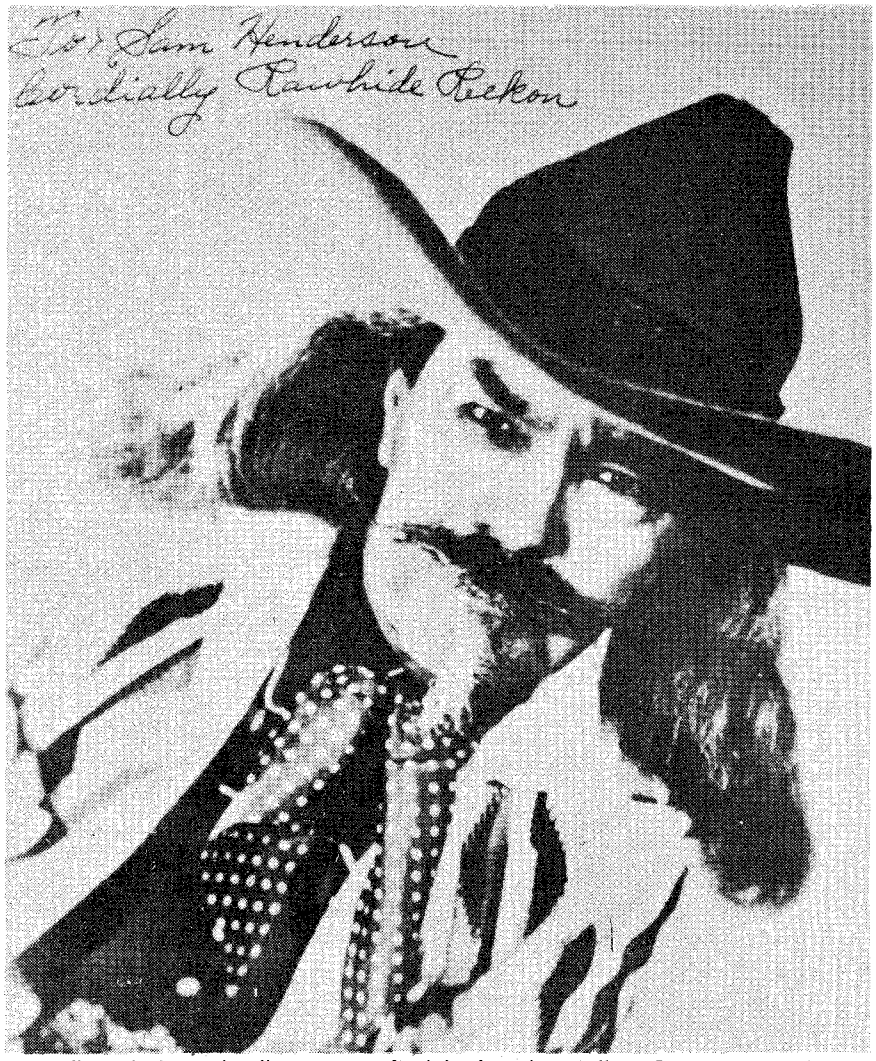
"How?"

"They must have mules. Otherwise they can't move their coaches."

"And you want me to —"

"I want you to steal their livestock. I'll pay you $600 for this, half now, half when their contract collapses."

The most reckless of the Buffalo Bills thus turned outlaw. He led other desperados in raids on the Vail corrals. They drove way entire herds of mules.




*A. R. "Rawhide Reckon" Sutton verified the fact that William DeVeng sometimes filled in for Cody.*

It didn't take Vail officials long to realize who was responsible. "It's Southwestern!" they cried. "They're paying the thieves! So we'll pay the peace officers!"

They did just that. They placed a reward on the rustlers' heads ... then confidently waited.

Waited, but not for long. Late one night shortly thereafter, the rustlers moved out of the Indian Territory and back into Kansas. Just after crossing the border they found themselves surrounded. Most gave up without a fight.

Not so Buffalo Billy! He proved himself well worthy of the West's most famed name. He, to quote the July 30th, 1874 edition of the Sumner County *Press*, "came out of his fortification only after a several hours' siege." (He had held 150 men at bay for most of an entire day.)

A late news dispatch in that same issue described the rustlers' fate. Vigilantes, possibly in Vail and Company's employ, swept down on the jail and pulled them from their cells. They were led to the nearest tree, fitted nooses about their necks.

The *Press* coverage gave lasting tribute to Buffalo Billy's courage: "The bodies were hanging facing the south. The distorted features of Brooks gave evidence of his horrible struggle against death. The other victims looked natural and apparently died easily."

**********

Brooks may very well have been the most courageous of the many Buffalo Bills. But it was left for Will Cody to become the most colorful. He, as early as 1873 was appearing in stage plays. He and Wild Bill Hickok shared starring honors in a series of melodramas.

After becoming bored with Broadway, they decided to put on the road a rootin' tootin' Wild West show. They'd make it just as exciting as real life on the frontier. They'd put Indians, horses, cowboys, and even buffalo under canvas.

Hickok eventually lost interest. But Cody opened the spectacular at Omaha, Nebraska in the spring of 1883. During the thirty years to



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*Buffalo Bill William Mathewson and Buffalo Bill Cody.*

follow, it appeared throughout the world.

It's perhaps needless to describe the result. The name, "Buffalo Bill," came to represent all that was glamorous about the great American West. Just its mention brought alive in youthful imaginations Pony Express rides, Indian fights, stage coach hold ups.

Will Cody came to be considered "the one and only." Yet there traveled in his show train another just as worthy. He, named Doctor William DeVeng, could easily have been the better known hero's twin.

Why was he there? To spare Cody's anxiously awaiting fans bitter disappointment. The most famous Bill had a serious drinking problem. He was sometimes too drunk to even appear in the arena. Then DeVeng acted as a stand-in, performing his harp-shooting act. (It was just that — an act. Cody's cartridges were rigged with shot which scattered when the gun went off. That explained why he rarely missed glass balls tossed into the air.)

**********

And meantime, what had been happening to the original — the real Buffalo Bill? Will Mathewson had long since realized his dream. He had built an empire amid the Kansas prairies.

A prosperous town called Great Bend had sprung up around his trading post. He opened the first store where Lyons, Kansas now stands. He helped make Wichita the thriving city it remains.

Quite naturally, the Cody show played there annually. But there is no evidence of Mathewson ever attending. Still, he bore the more famous frontiersman no grudge for glamorizing the name rightfully his. He did not like the limelight, thus wanted no publicity.

An article appearing several decades ago in a popular pulp magazine would probably have left him furious. Press agent Frank Winch wrote of his alleged bitterness in the April, 1929 issue of *Ace High Western*. He supposedly once threatened to publicly question Cody's right to the name. He supposedly threatened to confront the showman in a Topeka arena.

Cody, according to the story, was left shocked. He knew that Mathewson had every right to do so. And he feared that the adverse publicity might prove costly.

He decided to appease Mathewson. Investigation revealed the original Bill as being poverty-stricken. He had even hocked the Sharps rifle used in helping to feed the Kansas settlers.

Cody generously paid off the pawn ticket. Mathewson was so beholden that he forgot the past. He tearfully clutched his old rival's hand.

A touching story. But it never happened. The last meeting between the two Bills was not nearly so dramatic. It happened in Wichita rather than Topeka. It was Cody, not Mathewson, who was virtually poverty-stricken. It was Cody who was beholden.

**(continued on next page)**

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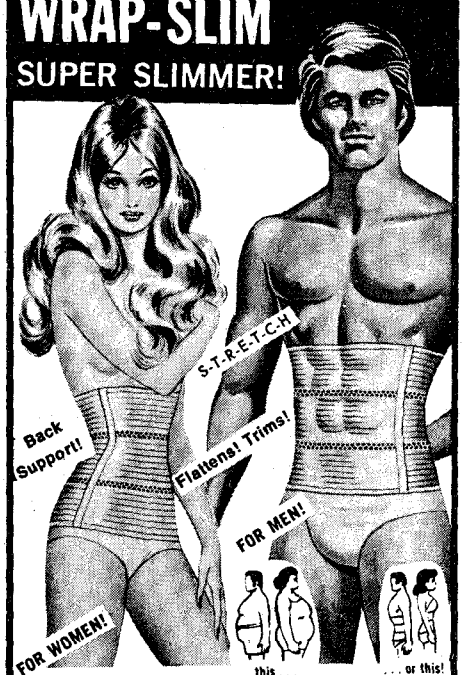


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Mathewson, after completing his empire, had become a millionaire many times over. His Sharps rifle was thus never displayed in a pawn-shop window. It was kept above the mantel piece in his mansion. He owned valuable property throughout the Sunflower State.

And Cody? By the early 1910's, he was totally broke. He was forced to sell his Wild West show. He then agreed to make personal appearances with Sells Floto circus. One of these was set for Wichita.

Emery Hardwick, a local newspaperman, was left wildly excited. Both the Bills were then extremely old and in ill health. They, without doubt, would soon be crossing that last great divide. He wanted to get them together "one last time."

Mathewson couldn't have been less interested. He, no showman, wasn't about to make a clown of himself. Not for any man.

Hardwick wouldn't give up. He went to the show grounds, hoping to find someone who could persuade Mathewson. He began waving his arms excitedly.

Suddenly back in the distance a wagon appeared. The original, the REAL Buffalo Bill, was on the buckboard. He'd changed his mind, decided to meet his benefactor.

"Oh-hh no-oo" Hardwick groaned, "Oh-hh no-oo"

"What's wrong now?" publicity agent Eddie Jackson demanded. "What's wrong?"

"I haven't a camera, and Mathewson will never wait for me to—"

A clown quickly produced one. He snapped a photo of the two Bills together. This was displayed on the front page of the Wichita *Eagle*.

Cody then publicly admitted Mathewson as the original, the REAL Buffalo Bill. He had been only fifteen years old when the thirty-year-old plainsman fed the Kansas settlers. It wasn't until six years later that he gained the name which resulted in fame and renown.

Thus, just a few months before his death he left no doubt.

Mathewson himself died on March 22nd, 1916. He was buried in Wichita's Highland Cemetery. His monument inscription read: "COLONEL WILLIAM MATHEWSON — THE ORIGINAL BUFFALO BILL — JANUARY 1ST, 1830-March 22ND, 1916 — LAST OF THE GREAT SCOUTS."

Thus in death he got the billing he denied himself in life. ●RW

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SKETCHES OF WALKERVILLE, THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY
By Beverly J. Brothers
Ashton Printing & Engraving Co.
Butte, Montana 59701
Illustrated 83 pages

An excellent local history of Butte's suburb of Walkerville. Mrs. Brothers says of her book: "I have attempted to preserve Walkerville's history in this book to the best of my ability. I have checked fact against fact, and through much research have attempted to convey her history from its beginning through the boom years to the decline." Mrs. Brothers has succeeded, and the book deserves a wide distribution and sale.

TREASURE! BONANZAS WORTH A BILLION BUCKS
By Xanthus Carson
The Naylor Company, 1015 Culebra Avenue,
San Antonio, Texas 78296
$8.95 Illustrated 182 pages

Lost Bonanzas worth "more than a billion bucks," to quote the author, are described in this collection of treasure legends, all based on heavy field research. These treasure legends offer enough promises of lost mines and buried money to keep any treasure hunter awake at night trying to sort out the right clues. And clues there are plenty, for the writer has sifted out the facts as recorded in Mexican archives and church documents; he has searched through old newspaper files and interviewed early settlers who heard the legends from their grandfathers. A must for a treasure buff.

THOMAS L. McKENNEY, ARCHITECHT OF AMERICA'S EARLY INDIAN POLICY: 1816-1830
By Herman J. Viola
The Swallow Press, 1139 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill. 60605
$15.00 Illustrated 365 pages

Thomas Loraine McKenney (1785-1859) is one of the most important yet least known figures in the history of the American Indian. He administered the nation's Indian affairs for fourteen years, from 1816 to 1830, under four presidents: Madison, Monroe, Adams, and Jackson. He was principal architect of two pieces of significant legislation: the Indian Civilization Act of 1819 and the Indian Removal Act of 1830. In 1816 McKenney became the second superintendent of Indian trade; in 1824 he became the first superintendent of the new Bureau of Indian Affairs. He was perhaps the country's most sympathetic and indefatigable advocate of Indian rights. In championing the cause of the native Americans, McKenney did battle with the giants of his day: John Jacob Astor, Sam Houston, Andrew Jackson, Thomas Hart Benton; but he was supported by giants: John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, John Randolph, and James Madison.

THE COCOPAH PEOPLE
By Anita and Alvarez de Williams
Indian Tribal Series, 2937 W. Indian School
Phoenix, Ariz. 85017
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For hundreds perhaps thousands of years, the Cocopah have been river people. During the flood season, they once settled on the high ground of the unique Colorado River delta, an environment similar to that of the valley of the lower Nile River in the Old World. Like ancient Egyptians, the Cocopah practiced a form of agriculture dependent upon the flood waters of the river. As these waters receded, the Cocopah followed after, with long digging sticks and planting seed, moving their camps down, closer to the river, practicing a form of agriculture known to man since his earliest crop-growing times. The ancient history of the Cocopah people is related to that of the rest of the Hokan-derived Yuman linguistic family. All of the surviving eastern members of this Yuma-language group live today in southwestern Arizona and in Sonora, either near the Colorado River or close to its tributaries. Most of the still-living western speakers of Yuman-related languages are to be found between the twenty-ninth parallel and the thirty-third parallel in southern California and Mexico's Baja California. This is the latest in a long series of Indian tribal histories. Although the price is high, it is well worth it for this well-written history of this little known Indian tribe. ●RW



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A. Many of these Chants can be said once. Others are designed to be repeated a few times as this heightens their effectiveness. However, they are short and it would take you only a few minutes to repeat them.

**Q. Must these Chants be memorized?**

A. No. All you have to do is read them out. If you don't want to carry the book around, simply copy a few Chants on a card and put it in your pocket.

**Q. Are these Chants hard to read?**

A. Of course not. They are clearly printed, easy-to-read and do not contain words that are difficult to pronounce.

**Q. Are these Chants Black Magic or White Magic?**

A. Without a doubt, White Magic. In one case, an evil woman stole Laura M.'s husband using Black Magic. Laura used this chant on page 159: "Y- k— I l— y-." Within a few days her husband pleaded with her to take him back.

**Q. If these Mystic Chants are so powerful, why doesn't the author use them himself to become a millionaire?**

A. The author has done just that. By saying these Chants, Norvell has become wealthy and a celebrity. Now he devotes his life to making others rich and happy.

**Q. Are these Chants dangerous?**

A. About as dangerous as combing your hair. You see, they can be used only for good, sincere purposes. If used for an evil purpose, they will have no effect.

**Q. Time is running out for me. Can these Mystic Chants find me a husband?**

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**Q. I've only an eighth grade education. Will Mystic Chants work for me?**

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**Q. When is it best to use Mystic Chants?**

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**CHANTS UNITE HIS FAMILY.** After years of misery, Lester M's wife left him and took their infant son. Lester turned to the Chant on page 28: "I n- b—— t- m— o- p— h— p——." In a few days his wife and son returned, and swore that they would live a different life!

**CHANTS LESSEN SICKNESS.** Dora T. was nearly sixty and the doctors told her she had an incurable ailment. She used two Mystic Chants to overcome age and sickness. In less than a month, her symptoms decreased. See pages 31-33.

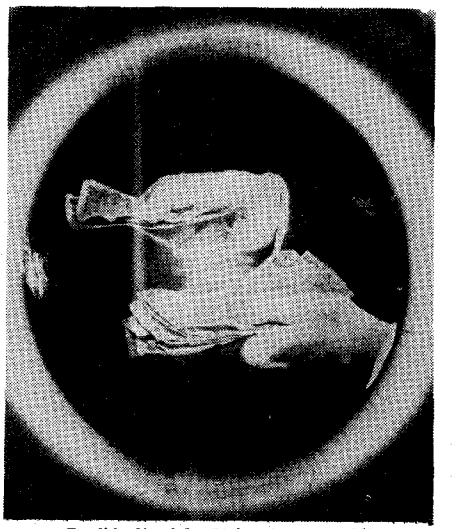
**CHANTS BRING SUCCESS.** A young girl slaved as a lowly clerk. To get out of this rut, she said: "I a o- w— c—— p— a- c- s— a- p——" ten times a day. Lo and behold, she was given a position designing new fashions, making more money than she had ever dreamed possible! Would you like an exciting well-paying job? Use the complete set of Chants on page 51.

**CHANTS FOR PAINS.** A woman of 45 (see page 82) suffered from pains each month that were so severe she had to go to bed. A friend told her about this Mystic Chant: "I n- i—— m- m— a- b— c— w— t- p—— p—— o- r—— g— h—" and she showed immediate improvement. Take a few minutes and say the Chant on page 80.

**CHANTS FOR HIDDEN TREASURE.** An elderly woman had a small home on a plot of ground where she lived after her husband died. Once the insurance money was spent, she had no source of income and used a Mystic Chant to get money. That night, the figure of her husband appeared to her and told her to dig at a certain spot. She found $15,000! You too can use the Chant on page 126.

**CHANTS FOR OPERATIONS.** A woman needed $1,000 to help her mother get an operation. She kept repeating the Mystic Chant: "I w— t- s- o- o- t—— d—— s- I c- p- t- s——." The next morning a famous surgeon assured her that he would operate for no charge. See on page 144 how the operation was performed!

**CHANTS FOR LUCK.** One man playing dice



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## GRANT BEFORE GREATNESS

(continued from page 13)

Union armies, Lee said, "We must make up our minds to get into line of battle and stay there, for that man will fight us every day and every hour till the end of the war."

During the battle at Resaca de la Palma, Grant did become temporary commander of an infantry company. Later, with his typical dry humor, he chuckled that he distinguished himself by capturing a colonel and several other soldiers who had already been captured by someone else.

In vain did Grant ask to be relieved of quartermaster duty and be given battlefield duty. In frustration, he began to drink. It was in Mexico that he became a heavy drinker.

Commanding one of the regiments under Zachary Taylor was Jefferson Davis. A curious but brilliant individual, Jefferson Davis even eloped with Taylor's daughter. All too often in the future, Jefferson Davis would figure in Grant's life.

With the opening of the war, Taylor's army poured across the Rio Grande and rolled on toward Monterrey. It met minimal resistance until it reached Monterrey. Then the Mexicans made a stand.

The city was not only heavily fortified, but the Mexicans were now determined to fight for every inch. The Mexicans fought from street to street and from house to house. Every inch of Monterrey was paid for in American blood.

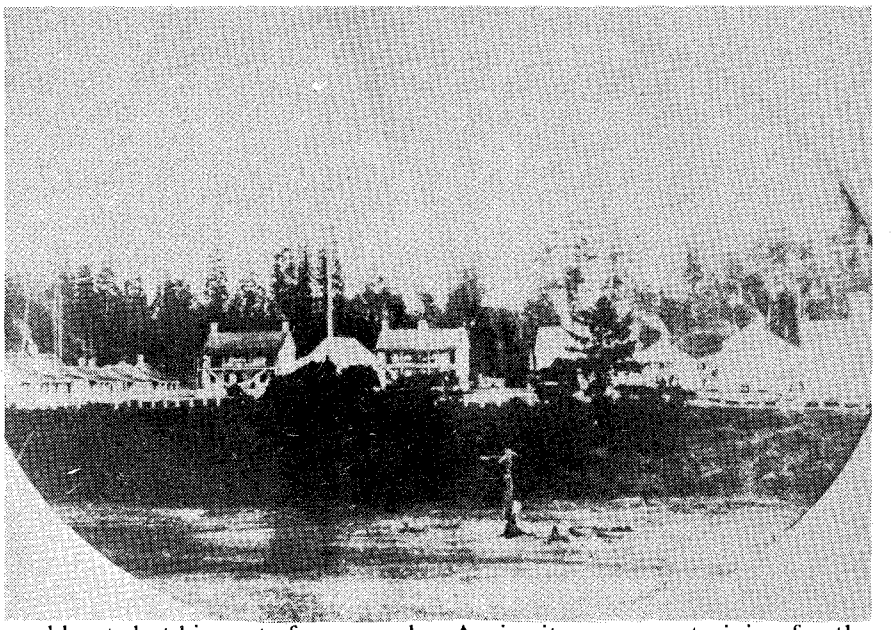
Tired of being in the background, Grant took advantage of a lull in the fighting to ride up with the advance troops. The soldiers were only a block from the center of Monterrey. While Grant was with them, the soldiers found to their horror that they were running short of ammunition.

Mexican snipers controlled every intersection. It seemed certain death to ride through the streets for help. But Grant saw his duty as the best horseman in the Army.

Despite Lee's daring strategy, Mexicans fought desperately in heroic last-ditch stands. At Molina del Rey, a stone building changed hands three or four times within the hour.

After Molina del Rey, Longstreet said, "You could not keep Grant out of battle. The duties of quartermaster could not shut him out of command. Grant was everywhere in the field. He was always cool, swift, unhurried in battle ... unconscious, apparently, as though it were a hail storm instead of a storm of bullets ... I heard his colonel say, 'There goes a man of fire.' "

*Fort Humboldt, near Eureka, California. Here Grant took to drinking and was asked to resign his commission.*



As Mexicans held firm at San Cosme, Grant again slipped away from his quartermaster duties. In the midst of storm and fire he passed a church. Immediately, he saw an opportunity and took the initiative. He and some men took a howitzer up the stairs to the top of the belfry. From the bell tower, Grant and his men poured shot on the enemy.

It was soon very apparent that it was Grant who was breaking up the enemy. His act opened the way for American victory.

Grant's heroism led to his promotion to first lieutenant and a brevet, or honorary promotion, to captain. He received several other commendations for "gallant conduct."

The amazing, almost providential aftermath of the Mexican War was that gold was discovered in California almost as soon as the United States took California from Mexico. The great California gold rush was on.

In 1852, orders came for Grant and men with him to embark by boat from New York to the West Coast by way of Panama.

Normally this should have been a routine operation, but transportation had broken down completely because of the California Gold Rush. Getting his men across Panama became a major exercise in logistics for Grant. Again, it was more training for the Civil War.

Things got off to a bad start when the Army booked passage for troops to Panama on a ship already booked up by civilians.

On landing in Aspinwall, Grant found there were no accommodations available for his men. Rain flooded the city. The streets were under eight inches of water.

Grant dourly wondered, "How any person could live many months in Aspinwall, and ... still more why anyone tried?"

The soldiers went by train and boat up the Charges River to Cruces, only to find they were stranded in the middle of Panama.

The man who contracted with the government to provide mules had rented them to civilians going to California at a much higher price. He kept promising Grant that he would have more mules "the next day," but "the next day" never came.

Cholera and other tropical diseases now began ravaging Grant's soldiers.

At last, in anger, Grant rented mules from others at twice the amount the War Department provided. By the time he and his men dragged into Panama City, a third of his men had died.

Even on shipboard, cholera continued to rage. Grant had to double as a nurse. Most of the men were too ill to land in San Francisco. It was also feared that they might start an epidemic. The men were put ashore at Benicia Barracks at the mouth of the Sacramento River for convalescence.

Grant was one of those who did have the opportunity to visit San

**(continued on next page)**



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*United States Public Health Service*
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Francisco. He was intrigued by the rampant gold fever, by those who had "struck it rich," and by those who only claimed they had. He was concerned that many of his men planned to desert and go prospecting now that they were in California.

As soon as the men recovered their health, they and Grant were shipped on to Ft. Vancouver, Wash. The post was across the Columbia River from modern-day Portland, Ore.

Grant amused himself at Ft. Vancouver by telling fellow officers war stories about Mexico, the same as combat soldiers still tell war stories today. The officers who hadn't been in Mexico were charmed as Grant prophetically showed his grasp of warfare.

On officer exclaimed, "How clear headed Sam Grant is in describing a battle! He seems to have the whole thing in his head!"

In loneliness Grant missed his wife. Other soldiers cavorted with Indian women. Grant ignored them. He was loyal to his wife, but he certainly couldn't bring her out there with him on a mere lieutenant's pay. He turned to "moonlighting" to try to raise the money.

San Francisco was chronically short of ice. Ice was bringing fantastic prices in San Francisco. This seemed a great opportunity since the Pacific Northwest was full of ice. Grant and other officers loaded over 100 tons of ice on a sailing ship for San Francisco.

Typical Grant bad luck, becoming more and more common during this period, prevailed. Unfavorable winds kept the ship from reaching San Francisco for six weeks. By the time it landed, ships from Alaska with ample ice had beaten it. The bottom had fallen out of the ice market.

Grant tried shipping cattle and pigs to San Francisco, with the same results as the ice.

The land along the Columbia River was visibly rich and fertile. Grant heard that potatoes were bringing $9 per sack in San Francisco. Though an officer, he himself plowed the grounds. Then melting snows caused floods on the Columbia; the river washed out the entire potato crop.

On Aug. 5, 1853, Grant received word from Secretary of War Jefferson Davis that he had at last been promoted to captain.

The brevet promotion to captain in Mexico was only honorary — it merely meant that he was entitled to be a captain if there should be a vacancy. The vacancy came as a result of the death of Capt. William W.S. Bliss. Considering the slowness of promotion, he began to wonder if it was worthwhile to stay in the Army. He had been a lieutenant for 10 years. Promotion to captain only underscored the lack of opportunity.

The promotion even brought further frustration and dismay when it carried with it orders to be transferred to Ft. Humboldt, Calif. The commander at Ft. Humboldt was his old enemy, Lt. Col. Buchanan.

Ft. Humboldt was just outside of Eureka. Even today, Eureka, Calif. is miles from nowhere. It is an isolated community. Nothing is there except forests, bleak and rocky seacoasts, and the city of Eureka itself. It is very beautiful country, but even beauty can get boring.

What worse than to be stuck in the middle of a black forest, subject to a man who never missed a chance to make life miserable for him?

At least in Ft. Vancouver Grant could "moonlight" in his spare time. There was nothing at all to do at Ft. Humboldt but drink and avoid Buchanan. Service at Ft. Humboldt certainly emphasized for Grant the complete dreariness of frontier life in peacetime military posts.

Increasingly, he spent his spare time at James T. Ryan's Store in Eureka. It was an archetypical frontier general store with kegs of whiskey. Grant whiled away his spare time brooding on the porch of Ryan's Store. Often he took letters from Mrs. Grant out of his coat pocket and read them over and over again. One letter had a tracing of the hand of little Ulysses Jr. Grant had never seen his son. His natural shyness kept him from making friends easily. It always took time for him to make friends.

After too much to drink, he tried racing three horses with three buggies at the same time down the main Eureka street. Lt. Col. Buchanan certainly disapproved.

Past bad luck at "moonlighting" hadn't yet taught him his lesson. He and three other officers leased a hotel on Kearny Street in San Francisco for an officers' club. The man they hired as manager absconded with the funds.

Even a visit with his brother - in - law, Lewis Dent, who was running a ferry on the Stanislaus River, did not relieve his melancholy. Instead, it made his homesickness worse.

Visiting gold mines and talking with miners, at least, discouraged Grant from wasting his time in that fruitless endeavor. He knew one miner who, after four years of futile prospecting, finally accumulated $1,000 in gold, only to lose it all in a San Francisco gambling hall. Two days later, the miner's body was found in San Francisco Bay, a suicide.

Drinking got worse as he became more frustrated and despairing. Lt. Col. Buchanan was certainly watching him more and more closely. One payday, Capt. Grant showed definite signs of intoxication.

Buchanan snapped to his adjutant, "I see that Capt. Grant has been drinking again. Place him under arrest."

The choice, Buchanan told Grant, was to either resign from the Army or face court - martial.

On April 11, 1854, Grant submitted his resignation. It was processed through channels until accepted by Secretary of War Jefferson Davis.

How could Grant know that, two days short of 11 years later, he would become the nation's greatest hero at Appomattox? He never suspected that in 10 years he would be the all-conquering commanding general of the entire United States Army and that Buchanan would be an obscure brigadier general under his command. Certainly he didn't know that Jefferson Davis, the man who accepted his resignation, would be the man whom he would totally crush.

Such destiny was still in the future. For the moment, his call was only to wait. Destiny had brought him home from California to stand and wait. He had come home to await the call of destiny, the call to greatness. ●RW

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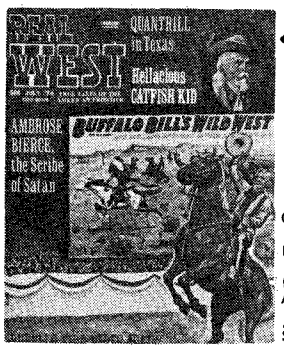


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AMBROSE PIERCE, the Scribe of Satan.

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A Man For Breakfast

Greatest Indian Fighter... LEW WETZEL

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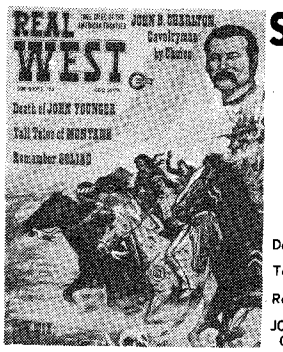


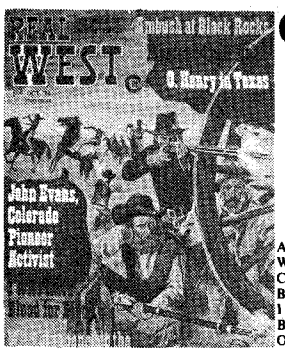

## SEPT 74

Death of JOHN YOUNGER

Tall Tales of MONTANA

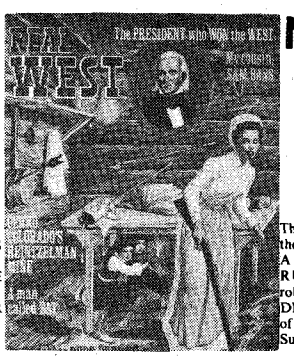
Remember GOLIAD

JOHN B. CHARLTON, Cavalryman by Choice.




## OCT 74

Ambush at BLACK ROCKS
What happened to the 7th CAVALRY at the LITTLE BIG HORN
I will have BLOOD FOR BLOOD
O. HENRY IN TEXAS

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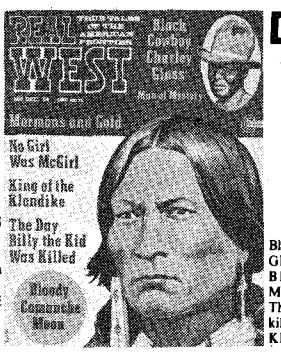
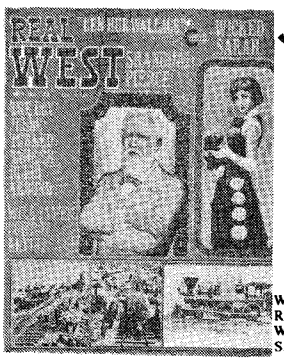
The PRESIDENT who WON the WEST
A man called BAT
RUBE BURROW train robber
DELLA BARE, HEROINE of Surprise Valley.



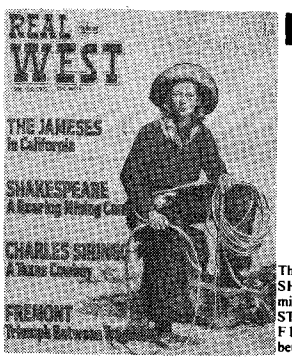

## DEC 74

Black cowboy CHARLEY GLASS
Bloody COMANCHE MOON
The day BILLY the KID was killed
KING of the KLONDIKE



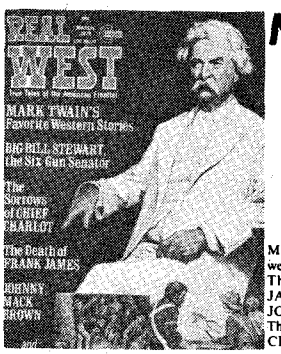

## JAN 75

WILL JAMES, cowboy artist
RAILS across the SIERRAS
Wicked SARAH
SHANGHAI PIERCE




## FEB 75

The JAMESES in California
SHAKESPEARE, a roaring mining camp
STORY OF THE COWBOY
FREMONT, triumph between tragedies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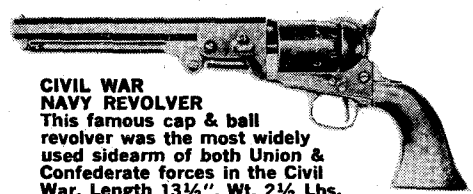

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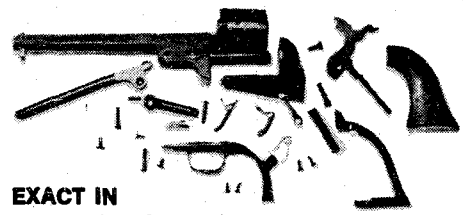

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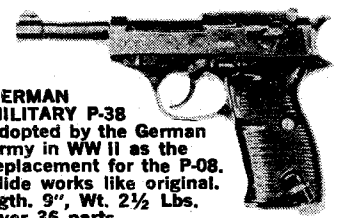

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## HAILED BY MANY AS...

# MIRACLE HEALING FOODS for the Relief of Signs of Illness!

**Yes, Dear Friend:**

**Did you know that—right now—there is an ordinary vegetable, stored and forgotten in most kitchens, that is said to relieve many of the diseases of aging? According to one authority . . .**

In the forests of Siberia, where it grows wild . . . the aged . . . the paralyzed . . . the sick . . . come on pilgrimages to eat of this wild vegetable and are relieved of their ills—rejuvenated and healed! He adds . . .

In Russia and Poland, among those who eat it, cancer is unknown and life averages over a century! Yet this amazing substance is available everywhere—for pennies!

> "And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing *seed*, which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree, in which is the *fruit* of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." **(Genesis 1:29)**

### MIRACLE HEALING FOODS REVEALED

You'll discover this food, and how to use it, on page 107 of an amazing book by Dr. Joseph M. Kadans—a *breakthrough book* that shows how certain common foods—called miracle healing foods by one authority—when used in a special way, can actually strike back at certain illnesses!

You'll find out how certain fruits, nuts, vegetables and seeds are said to:

Relieve painful backache, stiff, aching muscles and joints!

Ward off influenza, asthma, bronchitis, infections; protect you from colds, coughs, and respiratory ailments!

Relieve gas, ulcers, colitis; helps restore regularity!

Help heal stomach and liver disorders; help relieve kidney, bladder, and gall bladder problems; strengthen the heart!

Relieve such problems as baldness, boils, dandruff, eczema, pimples, and more!

Help relieve headaches, high blood pressure; help improve circulation; relieve hemorrhoids; wash away fatigue!

Help melt away extra pounds—and much more!

### 120-YEAR-OLD MAN CLAIMS: SIGHT AND HEARING RESTORED!

On page 132 of Dr. Kadans' book, you'll discover a certain vegetable oil that's as close to being an all-purpose "miracle" remedy as you can imagine! According to one of the many researchers I quote from sources other than this book . . .

This vegetable oil was used for EIGHT DECADES by a man who—at 40—suffered from illness that impaired his vision and hearing. He says, "My eyes were very painful . . . a film gathered over them. My hearing . . . quite dull and growing worse." Then he heard about this oil.

Immediately he applied it to his eyes and eyelids. The improvement was so pronounced that: "I used the oil freely about the ears externally, and put drops of oil into the ears . . . In a very short time my sight and hearing were entirely restored!"

**OVERCOMES STIFFNESS IN SPINE, HIPS, SHOULDERS, AND KNEES!** When he was in his sixties, this man's knees refused to bend and his backbone was so stiff that he cried out in pain. He now applied the same oil with a vigorous rub to his spine, hips, shoulders, knees, elbows, and other stiff areas. Apparently it worked so well that by age 108 he was riding a bicycle, dancing, and walking 20 miles a day!

### THE VEGETABLE OIL THAT RELIEVED GALL BLADDER TROUBLES!

According to Dr. Kadans, on page 132 of his book, this oil stimulates contractions of the gall bladder and is valuable for many gall-bladder ailments.

In the October-December, 1962 issue of *Minerva Dietologica*, another doctor also reports that this oil is a valuable preventive against gallstones, greatly favoring complete emptying of the gall bladder. These findings were confirmed by an International News Service release. And back in 1893, a doctor reported that a gallstone lost 68% of its weight in two days when immersed in this pure vegetable oil.

**ULCERS HEALED!** In a medical-health publication, a doctor reports that he treats his ulcer patients with this same oil. After this treatment, a friend is now able to eat the hottest Mexican spices!

**BURSITIS HEALED!** A woman suffering from painful bursitis in the shoulder decided to try this oil. Before long, she was able to raise her arm above her head, and has had no further attacks of bursitis since!

### HELP FOR HEART AND ARTERIES!

Results of a scientific study, says another expert, indicate that this oil may be an important factor in the very low rate of heart and artery disease among middle-aged men in Greece! Out of ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FIFTEEN men examined, *only four cases* of heart or artery disease were found in six years! This oil is an important part of the Grecian diet. According to studies made in France, it seems to reduce cholesterol by as much as 26%.

**LIVER PROBLEMS HEALED!** On page 100, Dr. Kadans tells you how to use a certain common green plant, recommended for cleansing the liver and spleen. Says another authority: "Hepatitis, or inflammation of the liver, and jaundice, when uncomplicated, readily yield to it." Around 75 years ago, one doctor claimed that the root of this vegetable relieved liver trouble that had afflicted him for 15 years!

### NO PILLS OR DRUGS . . . NO EXPENSIVE EQUIPMENT NEEDED! UNIQUE FEATURE GIVES INSTANT REFERENCE TO REMEDIES FOR OVER 130 COMMON AND UNCOMMON COMPLAINTS!

The outstandingly unique feature of Dr. Kadans' book is the alphabetic SYMPTOM-MATIC LOCATOR INDEX. Just look up the symptom for almost any ailment, disease or part of the body imaginable . . . and presto! You flip to the page that gives the remedy recommended!

For example, if you have stomach cramps, just run your finger down the INDEX till you come to *STOMACH CRAMPS, HELP FOR . . .* and you will find the exact fruit, nut, or vegetable recommended—plus the page number that gives details!

Running down the list, we find:

A common fruit, which Dr. Kadans shows you how to use on page 136, that—according to one researcher—helps protect against *indigestion . . . . . gas . . . heartburn . . . sour stomach.* Modern research shows that this fruit contains a powerful enzyme that cleanses the system! One doctor tells how he treated *painful hemorrhoids* with this enzyme, and in three days a 52-year-old woman's improvement was regarded complete; she needed no surgery! With another user, gas pains disappeared like magic!

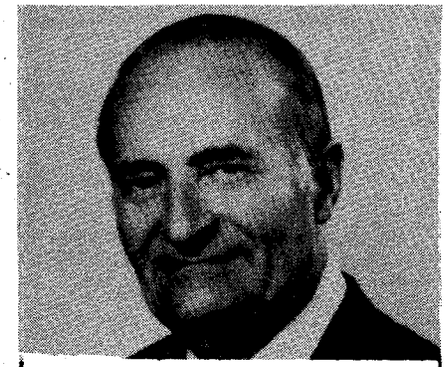
A common nut, page 175, which Dr. Kadans reports is good for constipation, having a definite laxative effect.

### KIDNEY AND BLADDER RELIEF

On page 136, Dr. Kadans shows how a common, pleasant-tasting vegetable, often used merely as food decoration, may be used for a wide variety of illnesses but more particularly for dissolving gravel, bladder, and kidney stones.

### PROSTATE AND DIABETES

One popular English authority reports some spectacular uses of this same common vegetable. A gentleman in his sixties was unable to pass water. He was suffering from prostate trouble—but because he had diabetes, they couldn't operate. Advised to try a tea made of this same vegetable, he reported he soon could urinate freely and it was found that all traces of sugar had vanished from his urine!



### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

**JOSEPH M. KADANS, Ph.D.,** has devoted his life to studying the use of natural food medicines. He has done extensive research on their amazing qualities and has shared his findings with thousands in his writings and lectures. Recognizing his genius, the U.S. Government assigned young Kadans, *at the age of 20,* to edit a health and safety magazine that reached 50,000 employees. He is an alumnus of 10 colleges and universities, and has served on four university faculties. Dr. Kadans is the founder and president of Bernadean University, and is the author of "Modern Encyclopedia of Herbs."

### RHEUMATISM AND ARTHRITIS

This same English authority refers to an elderly man who could barely hobble with the aid of two canes. When he drank the vegetable tea, he became well enough to discard the canes! This same humble plant has been hailed as a miracle healer because of its ability to relax stiff fingers and gnarled joints, according to another writer. He tells how a dressmaker's fingers became stiff and unmanageable. Medication was of no avail. But after drinking the vegetable tea daily, her fingers became youthfully nimble again!

### AND YOURS TO PROVE—FOR 30 DAYS—ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK!

All you need to know is right here in this book. Read about these amazing natural medicines. Each one is a fruit, nut, vegetable or seed that can help in a different way. So get started NOW and look forward to a long, rewarding life, full of healthful living!

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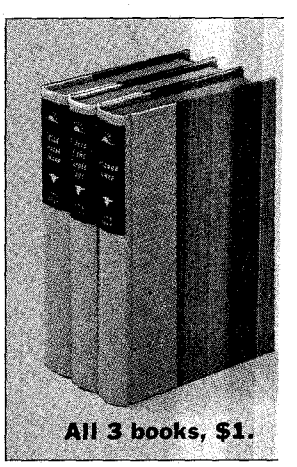


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